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**THE USURER;**

(M.)

THE DEPARTED NOT DEFUNCT;

**A COMEDY,**

IN FIVE ACTS.

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# THE USURER;

OR,

THE DEPARTED NOT DEFUNCT;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

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*"Ride, si sapis ———"* MART.

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## P R E F A C E.

WHETHER an author who prints a Play, without having first obtained, *in the Theatre*, the public approbation of that Play, does wisely, is very problematical; for, even let him be armed with this flattering sanction; still, publishing is a sorry speculation *for a dramatic author*—but, that is not the immediate question. No man, be he Poet, Playwright, or Peer (not even Lord Byron; though, *he* was too proud to confess it, and, moreover, has denied it) ever wrote a Play, without desiring from the very bottom of his heart, and without regard to what its reception might be, that the town should see, if it were only for one night, that Play acted; for, besides the natural vanity of an author, which will fully account for this desire, it is obvious, that it must be next to impossible for the *mere* reader of a Play to judge of more than its literary merits; which, however great—form only one out of the many necessary essentials for a good Drama; and consequently, every playwright wishes, and for a good reason withal, that *his* play should be seen as well as read—in other words, that it should be “performed;” and the reason is this: that the lights and shades of character, the feelings and manners, passions and foibles of the “*Dramatis Personæ*,” being depicted and displayed by living representatives, and the action and plot gradually developed and unravelled by those agents—present the best means of putting the Play effectively before the Public. The author has not been fortunate enough to procure a “performance” of *his* Comedy; Mr. Bunn (or Mr. Bunn’s reader) having deemed it “*not adapted for representation* ;” and therefore, it may appear somewhat

inconsistent with his own doctrine, that he should publish his, a *rejected* Comedy; but, he is audacious and rebellious enough to think that the Manager was wrong—(if it be possible for a Manager to be wrong; a point that has been much debated on the principle that “The King can do no wrong”) and opines that the Comedy *is adapted for representation*:—flying in the face of the Manager:—with all the risk of publishing before his eyes; having, also, a just fear of that bilious race, “the critics;”—those literary porcupines—of the trunk makers and the butter shops too; (those vulgar consumers of unread, unsold books, abhorred by authors as thieves, the gibbet loathe) he was determined to rush into print and put the question, *vexata questio*, fairly before those who might choose to judge of the matter; whether the author’s or the manager’s opinion respecting the Comedy be right—which wrong?—If the latter be found in the right—the author trusts that he has not intruded himself so boldly and unbecomingly before the public as to deserve censure; and that he may be allowed to retire without making an enemy, or provoking any man’s pen and ink: but, if the Manager should be declared in the wrong for having refused the Comedy; (in these days of dearth, dulness and insipidity, translation and adaptation) then, it must be obvious that the present one-eyed system, is altogether arbitrary and injurious; detrimental alike to the public and the artist—depriving author and actor of an appeal from one Manager to another, such as both had *before the monopoly and union of the two Theatres*, and the town the benefit of the competition, which up to that time had existed. The author writes not to offend the authorities that be, and will not push the argument farther:—he has now but to add, that his Comedy is neither a translation nor a

plagiarism ; he has, therefore, only his own faults (*too many, doubtless*) to answer for ——— but, with them gentle reader

“ Be not too rigidly censorious ;  
A string may jar in the best master's hand,  
And the most skilful archer miss his aim ! ” — ROSCOMMON.

One word more—the character of *Moregain*, was written in the hope that it might be thought worthy of Mr. W. Farren ; not that the author pretends to have written up to the talent of that great artist, or fitted him to his liking.—

**Dramatis Personæ.**

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**MOREGAIN**

**DOUBLETONGUE**

**LONGPURSE**

**EASY**

**LOVEL**

**RECKLESS**

**CAPILLAIRE**

**O'TESTY**

**DIMITY**

*Servants, Bailiffs, Gaoler, &c.*

**WIDOW LONGPURSE**

**MRS. EASY**

**CAMILLA**

**FANNY.**

# THE USURER;

OR,

## THE DEPARTED NOT DEFUNCT:

A Comedy,

IN FIVE ACTS.

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### ACT I.

SCENE I.—A SALOON IN WIDOW LONGPURSE'S HOUSE.

*Enter Widow Longpurse, Mr. Lovel, Capillaire, O'Testy and Doubletongue.*

WIDOW. Gentlemen, your attentions are quite overpowering. Never, since, the unfortunate Mr. Longpurse, my late husband, drowned himself and left me a widow, have I felt so much "the lone, weak woman," as at this moment.

CAPILLAIRE. Amiable relict!

WIDOW. To receive the offers of four gentlemen was more than a *widow* could expect; and certainly more than any *single woman* can accept, however agreeable to her.

DOUBLETONGUE. Good Mistress Longpurse! Behold the devotions of your humble servant! (*taking Mrs. Longpurse's hand*)

CAPILLAIRE. Doctor, Mr. Doubletongue, desist! You must not be taking the lady by a coup de main every five minutes.

DOUBLETONGUE. A mere professional way;—it's my habit to consult the pulse in the first instance—it's a mere habit, I assure you, and nothing more.

O'TESTY. Oh! By the sword arm of Pharaoh, and the foot of Jupiter! the Doctor knows how to take every advantage. He has a tongue made for wheedling, and his fingers are never behindhand with his tongue; he studies palmistry and legerdemain.

WIDOW. No jealousy, gentlemen! As yet I have made no positive preference—this is a matter I shall deliberate upon. The late Mr. Longpurse, who was a rich man, has left me the whole of his fortune, except a portion for his daughter; and *that's* entirely dependant on me. She is not *my* daughter, you know. So you see I am a great prize: I must therefore dally with your pleasing importunities, before I select my second husband and resign my power; besides, the “dear departed” Mr. Longpurse has not been “gone” more than three months, and I’ve hardly got over my loss. It was such a dreadful thing for him to drown himself! What could induce him—? (*aside*)

DOUBLETONGUE. What she got by her loss might have consoled her too. (*aside*)

LOVEL. Foolish, cruel man! to make a will so unequal, so unjust! (*aside*)

WIDOW. Yet there is one of my suitors, who for our admirer says very little.

LOVEL. Madam, if you mean me—the most adoring of your admirers, let me on my knee intreat—

O'TESTY. She don't mean you, my jewel! Now, don't kneel—by the fury of Mars, forbear!—you'll incense me! and that's just the way to provoke me.

WIDOW. Mr. O'Testy you are a charming man; (*he bows*) but, I think your temper's bad, and you swear too.

O'TESTY. Swear! I swear like a gentleman. Is it profane swearing you mean, Madam?—that's far from my lips, for I always swear by the ancients.

CAPILLAIRE. O's temper is very bad; his Irish blood is always boiling over. I've seen him fly into ten thousand passions about as many trifles—I've known him shoot a dog for barking, and kick his man for yawning, when he had kept him up all night. Now, I'm all milk; (*all laugh*) and a very pretty small swordsmen to boot.

O'TESTY. A dish of milk twenty times skimmed—a milk sop—a milk score—a milk-and-water fellow—a

—a—a—i' faith, he's not an Irishman, nor even an Irish woman, or I'd have a powerful contempt for him. What he was created for I never could make out, unless it was to keep the sun off on a cold, foggy day.

CAPILLAIRE. You're losing your temper now, my dear O.

O'TESTY. Bother! Then somebody's losing his manners, and putting me in a passion; for, otherwise I am like a calm after a storm.

WIDOW. But the storm must come first?

O'TESTY. It's Nature herself all over the world, Mrs. Longpurse, my darling!

DOUBLETONGUE. Comparisons are odious, it is true; but since two gentlemen have drawn a picture of themselves, that you might judge, my dear Mrs. Longpurse, of their respective claims upon your regard, I will only just acquaint you with the last emphatic words of a lady that knew we well, the late Mrs. Doubletongue, who dying said—"I recommend Mr. Doubletongue to all my sex."

CAPILLAIRE. Poor delirious woman! She did not know what she was saying; she was beside herself!

O'TESTY. To be sure she was—the doctor was beside her. A mighty fine way of paying yourself with a borrowed compliment that, Mr. Hippocrates—that's Latin for hypocrite, I think.

LOVEL. We all regret the death of Mrs. Doubletongue, and nobody, doubtless, more than the doctor; but, touching my own merits, I don't exactly remember in what they consist. My temper, perhaps, is not so hot as fiery Mr. O'Testy's, nor so maudlin as sweet Mr. Capillaire's; nor have I so oily a speech as worthy Mr. Doubletongue, nor the recommendation of a departed wife, to assist me. Yet, this I can say, which the good doctor cannot—that no one ever died under my hands; and, though I may have had my weak moments—kicked a rascally servant—caned a saucy fellow—or pulled the nose of a poltroon, I do not think my pretensions the worse in the eye of a spirited and pretty woman. What's Mrs. Longpurse's opinion?—it's with me. (*aside*)

WIDOW. Well, gentlemen, I have now an inventory of your respective merits—and if I were to take either of you at your own valuation, I fear I should have but



a sorry bargain—but, I shall consider your offers, and accept (*all come forward*) the man I like best.

O'TESTY. Mr. O'Testy, if you please, madam; who, joined to being an Irishman by birth, will make the most perfect English gentleman by servitude, which is marriage, I think—if you'll only accept him.

LOVEL. If I should be the happy man—I cannot squeeze out a word. (*aside*)

WIDOW. Oh! dear Mr. Lovel. He shall have me if he will. (*aside*) Gentlemen, I can say no more to you this morning; but mind, I will not give up my authority to either of you for fair speeches only. I must have better proofs of love than flowers of rhetoric. (*she offers her hand to Lovel*) I suppose I shall see you all in the Park, or at Mrs. Routem's to-night. Adieu, adieu!

[*Exeunt omnes, one carries her reticule and another her fan. &c.*]

*Enter Fanny.*

FANNY. My father's death has left me dependant on my mother, and not my own mother either. And although I strive to love her, there being no confidence between us, I cannot succeed. I dare not propose Mr. Lovel to her as my suitor, for she imagines him her own; and were I to undeceive her, I might lose his attentions altogether, which now she shares with me, and my humble portion too—as it is, the deception I am conniving at is irksome enough.

*Lovel returns.*

LOVEL. Well, Fanny; I have just been offering incense to the deity, your mother!

FANNY. You have enough to do. Your situation reminds me of a Christian turning Mahomedan to save his head. But how like you the double task of waiting upon mother and daughter—worshipping two deities?

LOVEL. The one is my ordeal, the other my reward. In Spain it was the fashion for the lover to attack in

single combat a furious bull, in honor of his fair mistress—a task easier, though more dangerous than mine! for I have to trifle with a deep and practised woman; who, were it not for her vanity, would discover me. I try to drop a few tender words and sighs—your own property—to lull her to our plans, but they absolutely freeze before they are well out of my mouth; and though they are icicles, she takes them for burning sparks of love.

FANNY. But, dear Lovel! when shall this deception end?—where will it end?

LOVEL. Be patient yet a little longer. You know my love for you requires a rein rather than a spur; and I am guided entirely by you; you have refused to marry me without obtaining the fortune your father left you, dependant on your mother's caprice; and you now decline to ask her consent, or marry without, fearing to risk that fortune. It has been my plan, therefore, to ingratiate myself with your mother, appearing rather as her suitor than your own; and in this I have succeeded to my heart's content.

FANNY. To your heart's content?

LOVEL. To your heart's content too, I hope.

FANNY. Well, I'll not be jealous of her.

LOVEL. I believe I have obtained her confidence, and, if I mistake not, she will accept my hand, when I offer it; and that I shall do immediately. I have already begged a private interview.

FANNY. I almost tremble at the thought.

LOVEL. When once upon the topic of marriage, I shall talk to her of "Settlements." And then, accidentally as it shall seem, introduce the means to have your fortune fully made over to you.—"*Le bon temps viendra.*"

FANNY. My pretty three per cents. will be useful to us, Lovel. If she should suspect us?—

LOVEL. She never will. She has too good an opinion of herself—but, if she should, I will affect such sincerity, such honest indignation, that I hope to deceive her. If I succeed in doing so, we will march to church the next morning, and ask her to the wedding—if not, you must promise to marry me without your fortune, and be content with me and the few dirty acres I possess.

FANNY. Looking at the sunshine, we think not of storms that may come. I will not encourage a thought that does not warrant success, and therefore I shall not promise you anything but my hand and fortune—they go together.

LOVEL. Nothing more?—where's your heart to go?

FANNY. Oh! that's gone already!

[*Exit Fanny.*]

*Enter Doubletongue.*

LOVEL. We have a difficult game to play. Ah! Doubletongue.

DOUBLETONGUE. You are a young man, Lovel.

LOVEL. You are very sagacious, sir.

DOUBLETONGUE. Sir, I am a man of the world.

LOVEL. I will take you at your word. This accounts for your sagacity.

DOUBLETONGUE. Mr. Lovel, it will account for what I am about to say to you. I wish to be candid with you, and, if possible, your friend.

LOVEL. Friend!—that word opens my eyes! I am now prepared for any act of treachery. (*aside*) I attend you, sir.

DOUBLETONGUE. That was Miss Fanny who left, I think, as I entered, the room.

LOVEL. So, so—he suspects us! (*aside*) Yes, sir, it was.

DOUBLETONGUE. Her age is better adapted to your own than Mrs. Longpurse's; and her charms—

LOVEL. I do not admire her. I prefer the widow.

DOUBLETONGUE. Hem!—that is strange. (*aside*) I have observed you several times of late with the young lady.

LOVEL. For the future we must be more guarded. (*aside*) That may be—thrown together as we are by accident, I cannot avoid the young lady;—but to your purpose, sir.

DOUBLETONGUE. Well, sir, to be plain with you. As we are rivals, and can't both marry the widow, I was thinking we might come to terms.

LOVEL. To terms? I cannot trust him. (*aside*)

DOUBLETONGUE. Yes; so that we may both be gainers.

LOVEL. Let me hear them: they must be cunningly devised to accomplish an end so desirable.

DOUBLETONGUE. Why, look ye here, Mr. Lovel. As I said before, I am a man of the world, and I shall be plain with you. I think I should prove a formidable rival with Mrs. Longparse;—but, as I am more struck with her money than her charms, which have so captivated you—I would resign the latter entirely *to you*, if you will agree to part with some of the former *to me*. A little pelf, my friend, you see is all I want.

LOVEL. Villain! (*aside*) But, would the compromise be honorable to us?

DOUBLETONGUE. Honorable? Pshaw! is it convenient? You seem surprised at such a proposal coming from a man of my character; but, this is a matter of business—and if it can be made convenient to us both, I do not see that any punctilio need mar an arrangement?

LOVEL. Arrangement! I do not yet understand you.

DOUBLETONGUE. You love Mrs. Longparse, and don't care for her money; now I love her money—I am your rival—but, I am to be bought off. A few thousands will satisfy me—and I can find consolation in younger arms!

LOVEL. You have an excellent opinion of me; but, do you not see, Mr. Doubletongue, how much you have put yourself in my power?

DOUBLETONGUE. Ha! ha! (*laughs*) Not in the least. My reputation is such as would bring discredit on any story you might tell of me. No one would believe you. The world would say—Doubletongue never could have been so indiscreet as to trust his young rival with such a confession!—besides, his gravity of character—his moral bearing—ha! ha! (*laughs*) but what say you to the proposal? never mind my reputation, it is well established and can take care of itself. A man with as good a reputation, may rob the widow and the orphan, and not be suspected.

LOVEL. Suppose then, the proposal is reversed—suppose you take the widow and I the bribe?

DOUBLETONGUE. So.—so.—I find he's tractable (*aside*) Well, I would not break off the bargain on *that* score. I confess, however, I am not anxious for widow. I have just got rid of an old woman—my

wife. The young and bashful maiden touches my heart!—but, this shall make no difference—I'll marry the widow. Let it be so. I see, after all, you are fond of her money. But of course, in this case, I take the bulk of the spoil. Then, it is agreed that—

LOVEL. We drop the subject altogether; (*is leaving the room*) Good morning!

DOUBLETONGUE. Good morning?—This is very abrupt sir!

LOVEL. I cannot but hurry from the man who could devise so base a scheme! Had you no bold felony to propose? Nothing but this sneaking trick, to cut a woman's purse-strings—this petty larceny?

DOUBLETONGUE. Oh! very well sir. Then we are rivals?

LOVEL. Enemies! if you please.

DOUBLETONGUE. Beware, young sir!—the man who opposes himself to me, may find a dangerous foe!

LOVEL. The man who trusts you, will find a dangerous friend.—Foes, let us be!

[*Exit Doubletongue.*]

His friendship must be dishonorable. I despise the dangers of his enmity; and false friends are always more to be feared than open enemies.

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.—A CHAMBER IN MRS. EASY'S HOUSE.

*Enter Mr. and Mrs. Easy.*

MR. E. We have now been married twenty years, Mrs. Easy, and have no child. It is a melancholy reflection for a man at my time of life, that he has no fond son to solace him in his old age—no prop to look to.

MRS. E. The world is too full already, Mr. Easy; I am a Malthusian. Have I not written and read more on this subject than any other woman?—have I not confuted and refuted the greatest philosophers; argued with mothers of large families, and proved that we are now absolutely in a state of melancholy redundancy,

jostling and treading on one another's heels?—didn't I convince you the other day?

MR. E. Lock, madam! one boy could make no difference—if I had a dozen children—only a dozen; I should be the happiest man alive; but, I hav'nt one!—no fond son!—no representative!—no inheritor of my fortune! Yes, I have a nephew, and a fine fellow he is!

MRS. E. All in good time. I will not hear of him, Mr. Easy.

MR. E. All in good time, say you?—that reminds me I've done nothing for him—that I have neglected him!—that—oh! I wish I had a son! Well, why not adopt my nephew—my own sister's son? I will adopt him—I have adopted him—I've got a son already.

MRS. E. Not so quick, if you please. I'll not own him—he's no son of mine; Harry Reckless is no son of mine, and I'll not be pushed out of the world by him.

MR. E. What! would you prevent me being an honest man?—would you have me shut my heart against my nephew? I cannot take my riches to the grave; and there's enough for us all. I'll settle a thousand a year upon him this very day.

MRS. E. That is quite inconsistent with my ideas of general philanthropy and universal happiness, and I'll not hear of your scheme.

MR. E. But, my love, with your noble philanthropy you surely can have no objection to my serving my nephew, who stands in need of assistance—he's my own flesh and blood—my heir too!

MRS. E. Heir, indeed!—I know of no heirs. My ideas of general philanthropy are founded on a more solid basis than the mere doing good to any *one*. Heir or no heir—my views are very large—they extend to every body!

MR. E. But how and when, my dear, are your plans for the good of mankind to be put into operation?—for, excuse me saying, Mrs. Easy, I always thought you were very fond of money, and I know that you have privately saved a very large sum out of my allowance to you for benevolent purposes.

MRS. E. Excuse me, Mr. Easy, I have a prodigious love for all mankind; but, like the rest of the world, I must first think of myself. Now, my dear, I am of a

very delicate constitution, and require comforts and elegancies—must have every whim gratified, and cannot bear to give up, and will not, a single luxury that I have been accustomed to; therefore, I have always postponed doing any little good; but, hereafter, Mr. Easy, I intend such things—such great things!

MR. E. But, in common charity, Mrs. Easy—

MRS. E. Common charity, Sir!—Listen to me!—Attend to my magnificent project for munificent charity. You shall make a will that shall immortalize you! First of all you shall settle for my life the whole of your property on me; for, I cannot do without it. My refined ideas and delicate constitution must be thought of in the first place; but your property at my death shall go to—that's supposing you're dead you know, Mr. Easy.

MR. E. To my nephew of course.

MRS. E. By no means!—My ideas of universal philanthropy will not admit of so unjust a thing—they have a much more extensive view. No, sir, it shall go to build alms houses—a whole village—which shall be called “Easy's Alms Houses;” and your nephew shall have a hundred a-year for looking after them.

—MR. E. Bah!—charity without justice! Build alms houses and beggar my nephew! What will the world say? What will my nephew say? Do you call that charity, Mrs. Easy? I never will consent to such infernal charity as that. My nephew shall have the bulk of my fortune, and not take alms out of it.

MRS. E. Talk in that manner, and I shall go into hysterics. Oh! my nerves—my nerves! Oh! my projects!—my love of mankind!—my benevolence!—my philosophy!

MR. E. Well, well,—I'll give up my nephew—I'll discard him! It is but just I see—What business have I with affections, or love of kindred?—Nephew indeed!—is not there the wide world for him?—can he complain?—dare he murmur?

MRS. E. To be sure not: and, besides—have you not heard what a rake he is?—what a spendthrift! runagate! prodigal!

MR. E. He'll reform!—I like him none the worse for that: I was myself a rake at his age; but, I'll do nothing rash—I'll not see him—poor fellow! (*aside*)

MRS. E. That's very kind: now you are in a good

humour again—yes, you are. It is very fortunate too ; for you must treat me, my dear, with a new carriage.

MR. E. It is very dangerous to get into a good humour, wife !

MRS. E. Our old coach is not fit to ride in, my dear ; it shakes so. And there's our old friend, Mr. Bloomsbury, has given his lady the handsomest pair of greys in the world.

MR. E. I will refuse you nothing ;—but some how or other, you contrive never to let me—

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE III.—SALOON, AS BEFORE.

*Enter Widow Longpurse and Fanny.*

WIDOW.—How charmingly you look to-day, my dear!—a silly chit. (*aside*) That dress becomes you vastly—a horrid thing! (*aside*)

FANNY. It's very simple.

WIDOW. Wonderfully—! Heigho! I am sadly plagued, my dear.

FANNY. How madam, may I ask ?

WIDOW. Why, my dear, I've a train of admirers, and they're *all* so tiresome—you understand me.

FANNY. Oh! yes, perfectly—but *not all* so tiresome? There's *one*, perhaps, that is not? Yet, to manage so many admirers must puzzle you a good deal. It's what she has never been used to. (*aside*)

WIDOW. It does perplex me—that's the very circumstance—I've more strings to my bow, and more beaux than I can attend to.

FANNY. Then you have no particular passion for either of them ?

WIDOW. Oh! yes. I have a particular passion, certainly ; but one does not choose to give up all authority at once. Do you like Mr. Doubletongue, my dear ?

FANNY. Is he the happy man ?

WIDOW. No. I thought he would make you a good sort of a husband, my dear—he's such an excellent man.

FANNY. You are very kind, madam—he would be too good for me, I fear.



WIDOW. Well, my love, he's a very charming gentleman; and if it had not been for Mr. Lovel's attentions I should have accepted him myself. As it is, I must pass him upon her. (*aside*)

FANNY. Then, Mr. Lovel is the elect?

WIDOW. How came you to imagine that?—Did I let his name escape me? Silly woman! You know my secret then. Yes, I've fixed my choice on him. I believe Mr. Lovel every way worthy of me—and—

FANNY. You every way worthy of him.

WIDOW. Is the girl bantering me? (*aside*) Thank you, my love!—thank you! There was an odd tone in her expression, which—but, I might imagine this. (*aside*) Yes, I thank you—at least Mr. Lovel thinks so, by his choice, and I shall no longer keep him in doubt about mine.

FANNY. He comes!—Now kind fortune assist us! (*aside*) I will leave you to a *tête à tête*, madam. How perverse is my fate, that I am obliged to submit to my own lover making love to my rival, as a tribute of his affection to me. (*aside*) [*Exit.*]

WIDOW. He seeks his appointment; his manners have fascinated me, and I am subdued before the siege. However, I must put a good face upon the rencontre, and surrender at discretion.

*Enter Lovel.*

LOVEL. I claim the privilege you have allowed me. (*kissing Mrs. Longpurse's hand*)

WIDOW. Be seated. (*Lovel hands chairs*)

LOVEL. And first, permit me to thank you for the condescension you have shewn in granting me this interview.

*Enter Servant.*

SERVANT. Mr. O'Testy, madam.

WIDOW. Presently!—presently! [*Exit Servant.*]

LOVEL. Poor O'Testy! (*aside*) How admirably that hat becomes you!

WIDOW. Oh! you flatter me. Do you really think it becomes me?

LOVEL. Oh, vastly!—prodigiously!

WIDOW. I'll have a dozen of the same pattern directly. (*aside*)

*Enter Servant.*

SERVANT. Mr. Capillaire.

WIDOW. How he teases!—You need not wait.

[*Exit Servant.*]

LOVEL. All's safe I think. Hem! If, madam, I could hope that this meeting was agreeable to you; in short that *I* was agreeable to you—I—I—

*Enter Servant.*

SERVANT. Mr. O'Testy, madam, begs you will admit him.

WIDOW. I cannot. Tell him I am so engaged, I—I shall not be able to see him this morning—perhaps never again. (*to Mr Lovel*)

[*Exit Servant.*]

LOVEL. How shall I ever repay you for this mark of your esteem?—it stuck in my throat. (*aside*) Madam, it gives that gentle encouragement which female refinement cannot but shew; but this sort of encouragement is too often taken by our sex for something more than is meant by your's; I even fear myself at this moment; and, if I should be so much off my guard, and so presumptuous as to imagine more than you mean or wish to be understood, I shall hold myself the most offending man alive. I was going to say, but—

WIDOW. Whatever you may have to communicate, my dear Mr. Lovel, I am quite convinced your delicate manner of conveying your sentiments will ensure my attention.

LOVEL. Madam!—(*kneeling and seizing her hand*)—of your four suitors, you are sure to be the death of three at least; whose life this dear hand, being bestowed, shall save, is yet uncertain. But, even whilst I hold it next my heart, which thrills again at the gentle pressure, Hope whispers *mine*; and, therefore, will I not let go this hand until its sweet mistress declares she means it for another.

WIDOW. 'Pon my honor!—you have gone further than I had any idea of; there, take my hand, you shall live for me. (*he kisses it*)

LOVEL. Well! I have succeeded at any rate. (*aside*)

WIDOW. Now, give it me back again for the present. The other three must positively die.—Ha! ha!—(*laughing*)

LOVEL. I am in extacies! (*kissing it*) Heaven forgive me! (*aside.*)

*Enter Fanny.*

WIDOW. Oh! dear, for shame!—Give me back my hand. Anybody would think you had been kissing it.

FANNY. And yet not be much mistaken. (*aside*) I merely came in to look for something.

LOVEL. I hope you've found it. (*aside to Fanny*)

FANNY. It was hardly possible to have overlooked it; it's on her hand. (*aside*)

WIDOW. I have been recommending Fanny a husband.

LOVEL. What!—(*he starts*)—Indeed!—Pray whom have you selected for the young lady?

WIDOW. A perfectly proper person I assure you, Mr. Doubletongue: he is a worthy man, and will make a very good sort of a husband; he is such a solid, staid, and steady man.

LOVEL. A rascal! (*aside*)

FANNY. A widower, and my senior five and twenty years at least; just the man a girl of twenty would not choose. (*aside*)

LOVEL. Mr. Doubletongue!—This might be turned to advantage, if we could fasten the trick upon him. (*aside*) I should think Miss Fanny cannot possibly have any objection to such a match;—(*making signs to her to seem willing*)—not that I would presume to dictate for a minute.

WIDOW. Oh! but you must. I shall turn her over to you; you'll soon persuade her.

LOVEL. I do not doubt it. (*aside*) Why, really Doubletongue is so *worthy* a man, that I can have no objection to urge his suit.

FANNY. Heigho!

WIDOW. We'll talk the matter over; and when she knows I have taken your advice, she will be inclined to adopt it also.

FANNY. Likely enough. (*aside*)

LOVEL. I hope she will not require much persuasion after what you have said.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter O'Testy and Capillaire.*

O'TESTY. Mr. Capillaire, I do not know what you think of this treatment; but, for myself, I have made up my mind to resent it. Mr. Lovel's had a private interview with Mrs. Longpurse. He has taken advantage of my absence, which was a great want of manners to the lady.

CAPILLAIRE. Of my absence, too—which was a great want of manners to me.

O'TESTY. Pooh!

CAPILLAIRE. What do you mean, my dear O.?

O'TESTY. That it never could signify a pinch of snuff to you.

[*taking snuff.*]

CAPILLAIRE. And why not, my dear O.?

O'TESTY. Because the widow has shewn a decided preference for me. You're my foil—or like the stone that's dull itself will brighten steel—you brighten me. By the beard of Mahomet, I am a proper gentleman!

CAPILLAIRE. Vanity!—all vanity!—I swear, it's me she affects!

O'TESTY. (*Rings the bell violently*) We'll soon see that: don't be too bumptious yet.

*Enter Servant.*

Can I see Mrs. Longpurse, now?

SERVANT. Mrs. Longpurse is just gone out with Mr. Lovel.

[*Exit Servant.*]

O'TESTY. Gone out with Mr. Lovel?—He shall go out with me.

CAPILLAIRE. Amazing!—wonderful!—staggering!—overpowering!

O'TESTY. I'll not endure this!—It's an elopement before marriage!—I'll have instant satisfaction. And then, I'll never be satisfied by any means.—I'll be

second to no man in a love affair.—I'll send him a message directly.—Will you be my second?

CAPILLAIRE. With all my heart; upon condition that you are my second likewise, for I will assuredly challenge him to mortal combat with the small sword.

O'TESTY. Agreed! Then let us step into the next tavern, and pen two genteel messages; and, if we don't kill the man between us, and I monopolize the widow and her money, call me a bungler ever after; and so you may see I'm dealing honorably with you, Mr. Capillaire, as you're to be my second in this business, I shall have no objection in the world to shoot with you first; and you may do the same thing with me afterwards, with your small sword.

CAPILLAIRE. I am quite content; the arrangement is very satisfactory and honorable; and, if the widow but return my affection—

O'TESTY. That's just what I don't wish her to do with mine. All I ask her for is her affections—not my own back again; for, by the pestle of Æsculapius, that would be like returning an apothecary his own physic without the phials, I think.

CAPILLAIRE. Talking of physic, O'Testy, there's that "*Anguis in herbâ*," the doctor to be thought of too.

O'TESTY. Oh! he's a vagabond that ought to be torn into ten thousand pieces by a million of wild horses. Can you lend me a hundred pounds, Capillaire?

CAPILLAIRE. No; but I can recommend you to a very convenient man—old Moregain, the usurer.

O'TESTY. Ah! when I've disposed of this young Springal, you shall take me to the man of money.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—AN APARTMENT IN MOREGAIN'S HOUSE.

*Enter Moregain and Camilla.*

MOREGAIN. Nay, Camilla, thou can'st not love thy old father, if thou obeyest him not.

CAMILLA. Oh! sir, I love thee very truly.

MOREGAIN. Sayest thou so sweet one? I love thee, my own wench, better than my eyesight—better than my gold, my lands: I get rich only for thy sake: save up, scrape up, make hard bargains, take heavy usance, cheat and cozen only for thee.

CAMILLA. For my sake, then, father, respect thyself more; be just to every one, and be just also to thyself. What thinkest thou thy great riches will purchase for thee? Will they purchase thee contentment, or will they make me happy? Methinks riches but increase our cares. Lay up stores in Heaven, father—if a child may advise her parent!

MOREGAIN. Promise me!—promise, then, thou wilt not marry the young man! He's a beggar! I have all his land in pawn, all his title deeds! Thou can'st not love a beggar, sure? A spendthrift!—a prodigal! It makes me sick to think of him for a son, he's so poor! I should shudder in my grave, an' he had the counting of my gold.

CAMILLA. Oh, father! 'tis not land, nor gold, nor the want of these, which creates or destroys love in a true heart; I love the young man solely for himself, as I am sure he loves me.

MOREGAIN. If this be so, thou art very mad.

CAMILLA. No, no; but my heart is set upon him.

MOREGAIN. Thou must not have him girl. I love thee too well, my child, to see thee marry a beggar and a prodigal, whom the world scorns and vents bad language on.

CAMILLA. Would to Heaven he had been more wise! (*aside*) Father, thou knowest the very best men

have had their calumniators—the very worst their panegyrist; and, therefore, what the world says, at least in this, I will not believe.

**MOREGAIN.** If thou must marry, marry a rich old man; one who may want a nurse, whom thou can'st wheedle; such an one will dote upon thee whilst he lives, and die very soon, to make amends for being old, leaving thee all his wealth. Thou would'st not tarry for it long. Think of it well, child.

**CAMILLA.** How ill-gotten would it be! No, father, never! My heart was made for love, and the commune of a husband's friendship. Cræsus' riches would not make me happy—nor Reckless' poverty chill my affection. Then, let me mate with him I love. What can wealth do for the wife that hates her husband? What can it do for her who pines after another when she is married? What can it do for her that is unhappy? Father!—give me my way in this, and bless me.

**MOREGAIN.** Perverse woman! Do they not set precious jewels in gold? and art thou not a jewel of the first water? Aye, and thou shalt be set in gold too: thou shalt marry a rich old man, and be set in his gold.

**CAMILLA.** Jewels are stones, and some hearts are as hard as stone; so is not mine, and I will not be set in gold for an old man to wear.

*Enter Reckless.*

**RECKLESS.** Old Moregain here! (*aside*)

**MOREGAIN.** The prodigal! Do not blind me with thy presence. Keep off! But, since thou art here—hast come to pay me, to redeem thy mortgag'd land; or would'st thou steal my daughter from me? Begone!

**RECKLESS.** This is hard usage, sir! The prodigal I have been, I am no longer.

**MOREGAIN.** Because, forsooth, thou hast not a shilling left to spend in wanton uproar—thou com'st here meek as a sheep, but with the heart of a wolf. Hast thou not another fortune to waste?

**RECKLESS.** I have not indeed; but be assur'd I am an alter'd man. If I had all thy wealth it were safe from prodigal disbursement.

**CAMILLA.** I do believe him. (*aside*)

MOREGAIN. Of a surety, *that* thou shalt never have. Should'st thou, wolf-like, steal my gentle lamb, thou, with her, tak'st my life, but not my gold.

RECKLESS. Must I forego all my hopes of Camilla?

MOREGAIN. Can'st thou redeem thy land?

RECKLESS. Not yet. Art thou not content with the heavy usury I have paid thee?

MOREGAIN. O quite! I would lend thee now, on good security and large usance; but, thou can'st no longer keep thy payments up. Thou art much in my arrear; pay me what thou owest me, redeem thy land, and then talk to me of Camilla. Thou would'st not marry without land of a verity?

RECKLESS. Wilt thou listen to me then?

MOREGAIN. Yes. I promise thee *that*, and pledge myself, that, if thou redeem'st thy land, and pay'st me all my reckoning up, thou shalt have my daughter.

CAMILLA. There's hope in this.

RECKLESS. There's at least some shew of kindness.

MOREGAIN. Is it not *very* kind? But, then, mark me! thou must accomplish this by twelve o'clock to-morrow.

RECKLESS. By twelve to-morrow! It is impossible!

MOREGAIN. I know it is; have I not said so? Take thy last parting now; for, until this be done, thou meet'st no more: and to make sure, I'll clap the rogue in gaol for the arrears he owes me. (*aside*) I will abide by my words—redeem thy land, and, as I have said, Camilla is thine own! He shall to gaol, and rot there, an' he will. (*aside*) [Exit.

RECKLESS. Oh, Camilla!—we shall never be united with thy father's leave; it were impossible by to-morrow to raise a sum so large.

CAMILLA. What my father says he will insist upon, I fear.

RECKLESS. Wilt thou consent to leave his house, and marry me for good or evil?

CAMILLA. It were tempting Heaven so to do. Thou knowest evil must come. My father is so absolute in his threats, he would sacrifice all his love for me for vengeance' sake.

RECKLESS. Some men's hearts are strangely form'd. Thy father's—



CAMILLA. Forbear to urge mine against my father! Oh! it is sick enough already. Thou hast been unwise, and triff'd with thy fortune; and, least of all, can he love the spendthrift, who is himself so thrifty.

RECKLESS. I have done, Camilla.

CAMILLA. Have hope! Something whispers me there is yet good in store for us.

RECKLESS. The only hope I have, and that's as distant as the sun, is that my uncle may assist me with the money.

CAMILLA. Fly to him!—urge him!—plead to him!—leave not a stone unturn'd, and thou may'st accomplish miracles.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—THE STREET.

*Enter Lovel.*

LOVEL. I've business enough on my hands, however! The adventures of "Mister Lovel" would fill a tolerable tome. Here have I received two challenges to meet O'Testy and Capillaire, at the same time and place. Two egregious asses! The widow's fairly mine, however; and I must fight for her too, that's clear enough. And Fanny is Doubletongue's; so far the plot works well. But, let the settlements be once signed, we then change partners, and leave the widow and Doubletongue to finish the dance—and a pretty dance they'll have, I trust.

*Enter Reckless.*

LOVEL. Ah, Reckless!—the very man I wanted to see.

RECKLESS. Indeed?—that's wonderful! Have I grown more curious than formerly? I wear my head where I used, and am just as poor as ever.

LOVEL. Why, what ails you, man? I know you're very poor, and it's a great pity.

RECKLESS. Our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.

LOVEL. Pshaw!—you're as querulous as an old maid.

RECKLESS. Forgive me! I am splenetic and disappointed. I am Harry Reckless, your friend, and ready to do you service, if it lie in my power.

LOVEL. Spoken like Harry himself. Meet me in Hyde Park an hour hence; I've business there with two friends, who'll bring weapons with them; I've two duels to fight this morning.

RECKLESS. Two duels?—you greedy dog!

LOVEL. Yes; two would be dull, if it were not for the variety. It stands thus:—Swords with one—pistols with the other. I am first to be run through the ribs with cold steel, and then finished with hot lead.

RECKLESS. Two duels are more than your share. Lovel, I must take one off your hands. I am in the humour to serve a friend, even with my life: and, if I should chance to fall, I shall serve myself. (*aside*)

LOVEL. Well, as you please; we can arrange that on the spot. But the lovely Camilla—your “*Camellia Japonica*,”—what will she say to me? The old usurer, her father, no doubt, would thank me?

RECKLESS. Speak not of Camilla! The Oasis of the Desert is not more welcome to the weary traveller than the thought of her is to me; but, she cannot be mine, I fear.

LOVEL. She shall, despairing mortal that you are!

RECKLESS. Speak not of her.

LOVEL. Well, have you seen your uncle of late? I have heard he means to leave you the whole of his fortune.

RECKLESS. It is more than I have heard or believe. That sublime fool, his wife, rules him, and she is no friend of mine. However, I shall soon know what he means to do for me hereafter, by what I shall ask him to do for me now; but, I fear, the influence of Mrs. Easy is against me. She has made him a convert to her absurd and selfish whims.

LOVEL. At him, Reckless.

RECKLESS. If he be courageous enough to part with his money, he will, indeed, be magnanimous. If he love it better than he loves me, he will keep it till he dies; but, before that can happen, I shall be utterly

lost; though I be heir to millions for the want now of a few hundreds. In an hour I'll attend you to the field. Now, to seek my uncle! [Exit.]

LOVEL. Poor Reckless!—In love and devilish poor. It is the height of ill-luck to be sure. He sees his uncle with a mass of riches he cannot use—a portion of which would make him happy. Thus he feels like a dying man, to whom a drop of water would give life, while a river is before him he cannot reach. [Exit.]

*Re-enter Reckless.*

RECKLESS. Then, there is no hope! Camilla, I lose you. My uncle has refused to assist me, and love must be sacrificed to lucre. The world is too strange for one to be surprised at anything that happens; and I can only laugh at myself that could expect to extract money from a man—it were as easy to paint an echo, or grasp a shadow.

*Enter Bailiffs.*

FIRST BAILIFF. Excuse me, sir. Having business with you, sir, we have made bold to follow you, sir.

RECKLESS. Let me know it quickly, for I have business too elsewhere?

FIRST BAILIFF. We're officers, sir.

RECKLESS. Naval gentlemen?

SECOND BAILIFF. Why, we have something to do with the Fleet to be sure, but no gammon. You know very well we're sheriff's officers; it's an unpleasant office for sensitive fellows to execute; but we hope to make matters as agreeable to you as possible. You'll excuse the liberty we take; we arrest you at the suit of Mr. Moregain.

RECKLESS. The wretch!—The cold-hearted monster!—I submit. That old man has abused me beyond endurance.

FIRST BAILIFF. Indeed, sir! If the case amounts to slander, sir, you have your "action on the case;" for, set in case, as how—

RECKLESS. Pray, spare your learning; I'm your prisoner! A prison house closes my career, and shuts me out, at once, from liberty, love and hope.

FIRST BAILIFF. In the "Lock-up," sir, you'll me with the genteeldest of society, if you're inclined to be sociable; it's "Liberty Hall," quite, I assure you.

RECKLESS. To the Spousing House! [Exeunt]

*Enter Mr. and Mrs. Easy.*

MR. E. Mrs. Easy—Mrs. Easy, your philanthropy has made a villain of me, a hard-hearted old wretch!—a wordly-minded, cruel, sordid man! I have shut the door against my sister's son; I have refused to help him; I believe I'm a monster.

MRS. E. And, if you have refused him money, you have acted wisely and prudently, and upon philosophical principles. He is a spendthrift, and would soon get through all, though you should give him the whole of your fortune.

MR. E. And he must have it, sooner or later, to do what he likes with it. Oh! I am ashamed of myself.

MRS. E. Why will you be so obstinate, Mr. Easy?

MR. E. Why did I refuse him the money? I've more than I want. I'll found no hospitals nor grammar schools with my fortune; my nephew shall have it. I'll not die rich only for the sake of the reputation of dying rich. Let me do some little good with my money whilst I live—that's my philanthropy; it's the cheapest way I can lay it out. I'll not build alms houses or churches with my money, to be called a good man when I'm dead and rotten.

MRS. E. You have heard such shocking things of your nephew.

MR. E. I heed them not. Tale bearers are just like dogs that will fetch and carry: they do so tumble and disfigure anything they lay hold of, that, when it comes out of their mouths, one can scarcely recognize it.

MRS. E. I have the worst opinion of him still.

MR. E. No opinion of your's was ever good for anything.

MRS. E. Oh, husband—husband, you provoke me!

MR. E. Wife, you enrage me! If the truth must be told, you're a very selfish woman.

MRS. E. Husband, you're a goose! That so excel-

lent a woman as I am should be thus thwarted and opposed: selfish forsooth?

MR. E. Wife, you're now beyond all bearing!

MRS. E. You cruel man to treat me so.

[*sobbing, exit.*]

MR. E. I must see and will assist my nephew: he has been foolish to be sure. What young fellow, or old one, either, is not? And shall I play the rigid moralist, and not help him? Oh! if I were to listen to Mrs. Easy's philanthropy, I should be a damned uncharitable old rascal.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—MOREGAIN AND CAMILLA ARE  
DISCOVERED.

*Moregain at his Desk—A Money Safe standing open.*

MOREGAIN. No more figures to-day. (*puts his books away*) A wise man is he who owns a large estate, or has the gold to buy one.

CAMILLA. I do not think so, father. The wise man is the good man, always.

MOREGAIN. How much I reverence him who was the architect of his own fortune.

CAMILLA. There is great praise due to such a man.

MOREGAIN. True, my daughter! Great praise—great praise, indeed. I—I, my child, was once without a guinea; and now, 'twould take all thy 'rithmetic to sum my guineas up. Look here!—look here! (*points to the money safe*) Ha! Ha! (*laughing*)

CAMILLA. Thou hast much to be thankful for, dear father.

MOREGAIN. Umph!—How I do hate a beggar! and more especially him who has beggar'd himself.

CAMILLA. There is many a rich man a beggar may well despise.

MOREGAIN. What!—do'st point thy wit at me? Hast thou sarcasm for thy father?

CAMILLA. For thee? God forbid! Nothing but kind

words, and duty and love from me, dear father, are thy due, and my pleasure too.

MOREGAIN. Well, well, thou art a good child; but, I do hate a beggar. I have just thrown one in gaol—there to rot I pray.

CAMILLA. As thou art a man be merciful!

MOREGAIN. I will have mine own. I would crowd the gaols with beggars—your proud beggars that crawl and snarl, and prate and misbehave; and think they're condescending when they pule upon one. Faugh!—

CAMILLA. Aye, father; but, when thou findest a poor, but honest man, within thy power—

MOREGAIN. Such a man is not young Reckless.

CAMILLA. Father!—what dost thou mean? Surely, thou hast not imprison'd him?

MOREGAIN. Aye; but I have—it was my pleasure!

CAMILLA. Then, God forgive thee! for thou hast deceiv'd him.

MOREGAIN. Has he not deceiv'd me, and *thee*, too?

CAMILLA. No, no, no. I shall go distraught! Release him! (*kneeling*)

MOREGAIN. Never!—Forego my pleasure, now that I have accomplish'd my purpose! Learn to subdue thy will to mine. In prison he may die, if he like not life—thou mak'st me angry with thee— [*Exit.*]

CAMILLA. He is lost! I cannot!—I know not—where—? Who?—Ah!—what a thought! Oh! it is terrible. I cannot reflect upon the act; but, I will do it. (*She runs to the chest, seizes a bag of money, and rushes off.*)

#### SCENE IV.—SALOON, AS BEFORE.

*Enter Widow Longpurse and Mr. Doubletongue.*

DOUBLETONGUE. If I am to lose you, madam, there is no one next to you I should sooner love than Miss Fanny; but, give me leave to hope I have not yet lost the treasure I have set my heart upon.

WIDOW. There's no hope for you, indeed.

Must I confess I have yielded to the intreaties of Mr. Lovel?

DOUBLETONGUE. Impossible, madam!

WIDOW. Impossible!—and why, sir?

DOUBLETONGUE. Because, madam—because he's a boy.

WIDOW. You are rude, Mr. Doubletongue; you have no right to dictate to me.

DOUBLETONGUE. But the young man will by and bye.

WIDOW. I will not submit to this usage, sir; I will acquaint Mr. Lovel with your behaviour.

DOUBLETONGUE. Do, madam.

WIDOW. Have I not secured Fanny for you? It is ungrateful of you.

DOUBLETONGUE. So you have informed me; but, I always thought Mr. Lovel was himself paying his addresses to Miss Fanny.

WIDOW. Indeed? If I suspected so—but, it is impossible; for Miss Fanny has consented to receive your addresses.

DOUBLETONGUE. Consented at Mr. Lovel's request, I suppose?

WIDOW. He persuaded her, in short.

DOUBLETONGUE. *He* must be very persuasive, madam, indeed: he had some motives in doing so, I'll be sworn.

WIDOW. Sir, your motives are obvious enough.

DOUBLETONGUE. Madam, you are blind; your vanity has made you so. It is impossible you could otherwise believe so young a man could love you.

WIDOW. You are very bold, sir.

DOUBLETONGUE. You are very dull, madam.

WIDOW. I shall inform Mr. Lovel of this language, and he will resent it.

DOUBLETONGUE. He has enough to do for you already, madam; two duels in one morning are enough, even, for an aspiring young man.

WIDOW. Duels with whom?—Duels with whom?

DOUBLETONGUE. O'Testy and Capillaire.

WIDOW. Did you know this, and doubt his affection for me? I am now convinced, sir, of his love. Why did you keep this affair from me? As you hope for my favor, go instantly and prevent these duels.

DOUBLETONGUE. Fanny, you are sure, has consented to listen to my proposals?

WIDOW. You shall hear her declare herself in your favor. Do not stay! If Lovel should fall, I shall go distracted.—Still here!—Begone!

DOUBLETONGUE. If, Miss Fanny—

WIDOW. I cannot listen to you; my spirits are exhausted. Begone!— [Exit.

DOUBLETONGUE. This is a mystery to me! Well, I'll seek the duellists. These fellows fight for me. If Lovel fall, the widow still is mine; he has my best wishes: if not, there's Fanny, or the usurer's daughter; I care not which for fancy; I shall weigh them by their gold. Moregain's very rich; but, he likes not paying portions: nevertheless, I must keep the lovely Camilla in my view. She quickens life within me when I think of her. I once spoke a word of love within her ear, but she repulsed me. I think I was married then. Yes, it was before I became a widower; that might have made all the difference. Old Moregain is my friend, however. "*Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare.*" [Exit.

## SCENE V.—A PRISON.

*Reckless discovered.*

RECKLESS. I'm here in "durance vile!"—this place my prison! 'Tis but a short minute's walk from liberty to gaol. Moregain, that sordid, money-getting slave, to lull my suspicion, must offer my hopes a bribe. Such crafty men ever by crooked ways proceed: they cannot even do an honest action, but by dishonest means. Heigho!—Poor Lovel! I have left him two duels to fight. What will he do without me? I shall break my wings against my cage.

*Enter Gaoler.*

GAOLER. A lady wishes to see you.

RECKLESS. A lady!—I suppose it is usual to pay and receive visits during a confinement here. What lady pray? A fellow prisoner?



GAOLER. No, sir; one who seems as if she had never seen the inside of a prison, to judge of her by her pale looks and trembling limbs. Shall I admit her?

RECKLESS. By all means. Who can it be? (*Enter Camilla.*) Camilla, as I live! Oh, Camilla! we have met before in a pleasanter place than this—but what of it? 'Tis of thy father's choosing; he has kindly taken lodgings for me here.

CAMILLA. Bridle thy sarcastic tongue; for my ears are tender of my father's name.

RECKLESS. What shall I say? Although thou wert twenty times his daughter I will speak.—Admit he has a right to scorn me; well, I could be scornful too—to deprive me of thy hand—to imprison me—is this not enough? But to make an odious right more vile, 'twas only thy father could do so: he has deceiv'd, cajol'd me. An injury I can forgive—who can forget an insult?

CAMILLA. Enough, enough! I have come here sorrowful; do not send me away broken-hearted.

RECKLESS. My love, I will forget it all for thy sake—that I am thy father's debtor confin'd in prison—would he could forget it too. I'll think I owe some one else the money to make thee happy.

CAMILLA. I am my father's debtor too!

RECKLESS. So are all children debtors to their parents; thou, at least, art not more debtor than the many.

CAMILLA. Aye! there was a time, perhaps, when I was not; but, I have done a deed within this hour, which, *before* this hour, I did not dream it was possible I could do.

RECKLESS. There's something frantic in her manner! (*aside*) What meanest thou, Camilla, my sweet love?

CAMILLA. Am I so? (*kneeling down to him*) But, I knew it; 'twas, therefore, that I did it; and thou art my love.

RECKLESS. (*Raising her*)—What hast thou done? Speak!—Thou distractest me with these riddles!

CAMILLA. Oh, forgive me! (*hysterically*) It was for thy sake! My father told me he had imprison'd thee.—I heard it—and he left the room. All at once, it came into my head that I might release thee!—I rush'd to my father's chest—and saw—the money! I only thought of thee!

RECKLESS. Good heaven!

CAMILLA. I did not stay to meditate. I seiz'd the means to give thee liberty! It was for thee I robb'd my father!—Here's money to give thee liberty and redeem thy land. Come, let's hasten, hasten! (*she faints.*)

RECKLESS. If it would save me from tortures unutterable, I would not touch the unholy heap. Rather let my land sink under the waters, or an earthquake swallow it up! On this spot I had sooner die, than profit by this desperate act of love.

CAMILLA. Wilt thou not have it? Do'st thou spurn me? Curse me?

RECKLESS. I give thee more blessings than thanks, Camilla!—sweet Camilla! Oh! out of thy abundant love for me, thou hast done a deed thou loath'st; and for it, I am only guilty, while thou keep'st the money. Take back the hateful dross, and place it where thou found'st it. I would not purchase life at such a price. Here will I stay for ever, rather than thy conscience bear the weight this deed would leave upon it.—Fly!—Thou art in time to return the money, and prevent detection. The act is yet without sin; fly! fly!

CAMILLA. May heaven reward thee!

RECKLESS. As it must thee. Sure, her love was never equall'd. With consolation, such as this, I will not complain.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT THE SECOND.

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—PART OF HYDE PARK.

*Enter Lovel, wearing a sword.*

LOVEL. I am on the ground first, however; but where is Reckless? Should he fail me now, I am without a friend. What shall I do? The gentlemen I have come to meet, are, I believe, honorable men; and, perhaps, the affair may be satisfactorily arranged. Where can Reckless be? It is not like him to leave one in the lurch in this way. Sure, some accident has befallen him.

*Enter O'Testy, with sword and pistols, and Capillaire, with sword.*

*Bon jour mes amis!*—I believe you are the very gentlemen I am to meet here, about some trifling affair of life and death?

O'TESTY. The same, sir, with perfect sincerity.

CAPILLAIRE. The carte and tierce—the passado and staccato. (*Capillaire practises about the stage*)

LOVEL. Gentlemen, permit me a moment. As I never, to my knowledge, offered you any affront, you will, perhaps, be good enough to explain in what manner I have injured you; that, if possible, I may exculpate myself, or redress you. You must also understand that, if you require it, I am ready to proceed to hostilities; this is consistent, I believe, with true valor and gentlemanly bearing.

O'TESTY. Perfectly regular, sir; but, to the business. Faith, you have taken the greatest liberty in the world with me.

LOVEL. Indeed, sir?—In what manner?

O'TESTY. By thinking yourself a better man than I; which, by the foot of Pharaoh! is a long way off the truth, and a foul aspersion on my character.

LOVEL. I never *said* such a thing, Mr. O'Testy.

O'TESTY. Tut! should I wait for you to speak now, when you might hold your tongue for ever, and nobody

**the wiser? That would be just the way to prevaricate. I think. No, sir, I've caught you in the fact of the aspersion itself. Hav'nt you been making love to Mrs. Longpurse, in private?—and is'nt that as much as to say “you are a better man than Mr. O'Testy himself?” And faith, I won't take a denial of the inference. By the Tower of Babel! will I not.**

**LOVEL.** Pshaw!

**O'TESTY.** Your most obedient, sir.

**LOVEL.** And pray, Mr. Capillaire, how have I incurred your displeasure?

**CAPILLAIRE.** You have wounded me in the dearest, tenderest, most susceptible point; Mrs. Longpurse's estimation—the lady I have set my life upon, and will hazard in the duello.

**LOVEL.** Then, Gentlemen, there is no hope of reconciliation; for, if I outlive this day's adventure, I shall lead Mrs. Longpurse to church to-morrow morning.

**O'TESTY.** Botheration, Sir! if you were Julius Cæsar himself, and he's dead, I hear, I'd take your life, by Hector!—Prepare, sir.

**CAPILLAIRE.** Prepare, sir; stand on your defence. *(he draws)*

**LOVEL.** Gentlemen, my friend Reckless, who promised me his assistance, has disappointed me. I must, therefore, trouble you both to condescend to be in turn my second, as well as the other gentleman's; and not attack me together. You seem to have made up your minds about the matter, to your own advantage; and so have not I.

**CAPILLAIRE.** O'Testy, look on. Now sir.

**O'TESTY.** Mr. Capillaire, I desire you to be our mutual friend, and let us fire. Are you ready, Mr. Lovel?

**LOVEL.** Perfectly ready.

**CAPILLAIRE.** Draw sir.

**O'TESTY.** Measure the ground, Mr. Capillaire. Make it short measure too; for, firing at a long distance will only strain our pistols, my darling.

**CAPILLAIRE.** Let me have a pass with him first. Prepare, I say sir.

**LOVEL.** Draw lots, gentlemen; for, only one of you can have the honor of taking my life, at least, fairly.

**O'TESTY.** Are you ready, sir?

-

LOVEL. Quite, sir, when you have settled who is to kill me first. Pray arrange the matter between yourselves.

O'TESTY. I shall not wait a moment longer. Now, sir, we can fire together.

LOVEL. Gentlemen, are you mad?—"When a fool takes a sword, a wise man should take a shield."—I'll stab you if you do not desist.

CAPILLAIRE. Now, sir.

O'TESTY. Now, sir.

LOVEL. Forbear, gentlemen!—I will not suffer this treatment any longer; I must defend myself whatever happens. (*O'Testy and Capillaire eager to engage Lovel first, close upon him; Lovel makes a lunge at O'Testy, who falls down wounded.*)

O'TESTY. He has writ—"Hic jacet" on me.

LOVEL. Now, Mr. Capillaire, it is only man to man.

CAPILLAIRE. Then, sir, it is your turn to kiss the ground. At small sword I think I can pink him. Now, for the passado.—Ha!—ha!—(*making attitudes*)

O'TESTY. I have got my *coup de grace*.—These damned small swords are guilty of more murders than all the little innocent pistols in the world. I shall get up a dead man I'm afraid.—(*They have several passes until Capillaire is disarmed*)—And so will Capillaire too.—"*Memento mori!*"

CAPILLAIRE. That damned staccato puzzled me. (*Capillaire is disarmed*)

*Enter Doubletongue.*

DOUBLETONGUE. For shame, gentlemen!—Down with your swords!

LOVEL. Mine is the only one up!—Mr. Capillaire must take a few more lessons; and O'Testy will yet live to write his own epithalamium.

O'TESTY. My epitaph first, I hope!

DOUBLETONGUE. I hope, Mr. Lovel, *you* are not hurt? I've no luck, or they'd have killed him. (*aside*)

LOVEL. I am obliged to you for *your good* wishes. Let's look to Mr. O'Testy.

DOUBLETONGUE. You had better leave the country. Fly, sir, fly!—he's very delirious.

LOVEL. Thank you, doctor, not I. Look to Mr.

O'TESTY; out with your bandages, man, and tie him up! If he be seriously wounded I will stay with him. It was his own quarrel, sought and brought on by himself only. Let happen what will—here I stick!

O'TESTY. It's but a flesh wound, doctor: the loss of blood will do me good. I meant to have been bled to-morrow, and I'm only a day before the fair.

LOVEL. Is that all? Mr. Doubletongue, pick up the wounded man; I leave him in your charge. Gentlemen, good morning to you; you'll find me at the widow's. Doctor, you had better leave the country!—Ha!—ha! (*laughing*) I commend you all to good wives. [*Exit.*]

O'TESTY. Oh! won't you stop and exchange a shot with me, my darling—not one shot?—he's not fond of the sport.

DOUBLETONGUE. We would have had you stuffed for Surgeon's Hall, O'Testy, if you had given us the opportunity.

O'TESTY. Plague take the rogue!—I am not quite an anatomy yet!—But, I think I will have my figure spoilt by this little hole.

CAPILLAIRE. Pestilence seize him!—If he had not disarmed me, I should have drilled him full of holes.

O'TESTY. If I had been sent to the shades below this sunshiny day, I had died a broken-hearted Bachelor of Arts, Trin. Coll. Dub.

DOUBLETONGUE. He has put us all in the shade—he wins the widow and her wealth.

O'TESTY. Bear me up; I thought I was under marching orders when I fell down.

DOUBLETONGUE. Can you walk now?

O'TESTY. As well as a man going into a hospital with a broken leg—I can make a limp of it. I'll have at him again, before he shall tell the widow he's a better man than Mr. O'Testy himself.

CAPILLAIRE. Try the small sword next time, my dear O.'

O'TESTY. I'll leave that to you.—Oh! I'm a mortified man.

DOUBLETONGUE. It's chagrin; not gangrene, I hope, or we must use the knife.

CAPILLAIRE. Only to think that he should disarm me; if I'm at home at anything, it is at the small sword.

O'TESTY. What an egotist you are!—you're always praising your small sword: why, in three passes, I'll hit your diamond pin.

CAPILLAIRE. I'll bet my pin, a superb brilliant, which cost me twenty guineas, against that sham "cat's eye" in your shirt; I make you first cry "Hold!—enough." Observe my carte and tierce—my passado and staccato.—Ha!—ha!—(making attitudes and shewing the positions)

O'TESTY. A bet.—Done!—done!—Have at you now!—By the beard of Mahomet, I'll prove you no prophet; you're so bumptious.

CAPILLAIRE. Ha!—ha! (They set to work and have two or three passes about the stage, and then move off)

DOUBLETONGUE. (Tries to separate them with his stick) I'll call the police. Police!—police!

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.—AN APARTMENT IN MOREGAIN'S HOUSE.

*Enter Moregain.*

MOREGAIN. I have secur'd the varlet!—A prison's jaws shall hold him fast until my daughter do forget him. He can no longer come here and undermine her duty to me, and fill her head with fantastic whimsies and romantic stuff of love. No—the beggar is where beggars should be. Camilla shall be the wife of my own choice. Mr. Doubletongue shall have her: he's a rich man, and will not want my money 'till I die. I will not trust his physic either. He shall have my daughter; but no money. Good, good!—that reminds me I have some to put away—I keep but little about my person—some I just receiv'd from young Spendall. Giddy, silly boy!—he'll soon have none to spend. Giddy, giddy-brain'd boy! (Goes to his chest) Ah!—what has happen'd? Unholy hands have been here! Thieves!—Robbers!—I am undone!—lost!—I must starve, beg in the streets! Oh!—let me think awhile!

Have I lent it?—No. Bought stock with it, or lands or bonds?—No, no, no!—I put it all there. Thousands are gone—flown. I'm lost!—ruin'd! Oh! (*tearing his hair*) my money!—my dear money! What a damned sin to rob an old man—a poor old man like me!

*Enter Camilla.*

CAMILLA. I am too late!—He has discover'd all. (*aside*)

MOREGAIN. My money's gone!—stolen!—Now, let me die. Camilla, strip off these gewgaws!—Give them to me!—I'll sell them!—I've been robb'd, Camilla!—We shall starve!—We are undone!—We must beg i'the street.

CAMILLA. Be calm, dear father.

MOREGAIN. Never!—Rest has for ever left me—money is my rest!—my soul!—my peace of mind!—Cursed be the hands that took my money!

CAMILLA. No, no!

MOREGAIN. Yes, I say!—Eternal curses fall on the thief! May the hands that took it drop off with disease—may misery, poverty, and death, blast—!

CAMILLA. Spare thy daughter! (*kneels down at his feet*) It was I!—I am the thief!—thou hast curs'd thy child!—what anguish!

MOREGAIN. No, no, no! What do I hear? Speak Camilla! Hast thou conspir'd with that ill-starr'd knave to rob thy father? to pluck his life at one grasp? Oh, the villain!

CAMILLA. No, he's innocent!

MOREGAIN. Do not deceive me. Would'st thou see me die at thy feet?

CAMILLA. I alone am guilty.

MOREGAIN. Where's the treasure?

CAMILLA. Here! (*She gives it him and he puts it in his bosom*)

MOREGAIN. Ha, ha! (*he laughs wildly*) I'll put it next my heart. Oh! it's safe—it's safe again—I am happy now. My blood runs with genial warmth again.

CAMILLA. I took the money to Reckless to give him liberty—he scorn'd to touch it, knowing it was thine,



and sent me back to replace it. This had I hop'd to do ere thou should'st miss it— but, thou knowest my guilt, my shame. *He refus'd the money!*

MOREGAIN. Did he so indeed? 'Twas virtuous.

CAMILLA. Wilt thou not give him liberty?

MOREGAIN. Never! Let him starve and rot. I cannot love a beggar, though he had a princely title. A beggar is my soul's aversion.

CAMILLA. Then, I must die. As money is to thee; so is Reckless to me, life and soul! without him I cannot live; he is the freeholder of my heart.

MOREGAIN. Fie, fie! thou shalt marry Mr. Double-tongue, and give him a lease of thee for life; he will be a good tenant—he was a kind husband to his first wife—he attended thee when thou wert ill—he knows thy constitution—he is rich, besides—and an experienc'd man withal.

CAMILLA. I hate him! I never told Reckless or my father how he once insulted me. (*aside*) My heart is breaking fast—my hopes are blighted—wither'd! Thy blessing and forgiveness, sir. (*kneels*) [*Exit Camilla.*]

MOREGAIN. Thou hast them. The prodigal must have some merit that the girl loves him so well, and that he did not keep the money when she took it to him. Silly boy! But, I could never discover in a beggar, any reasonable good quality, whatever. Oh! my treasure—Safe—safe! Now, if I had a friend would swear it was *he*, that stole my money, I might hang him clean out of the way; for, though I have prevented the rogue coming here, it seems I cannot keep Camilla from him. This I must do, ere I can have my will. I must lock her up—this may bring her to. (*a knocking is heard*) Come in.

*Enter O'Testy and Capillaire.*

CAPILLAIRE. I've brought you a customer.

MOREGAIN. Hem—yes, I will lock her up. (*aside*)

O'TESTY. And to be plain with you, old gentleman, I would borrow one hundred pounds.

MOREGAIN. Umph! I must clip her wings. (*aside*)

O'TESTY. I am a man of honor.

MOREGAIN. Umph! Oh! would I could hang *him* for the theft. (*aside*)

O'TESTY. My friend says it is your trade to lend money.

MOREGAIN. Umph!

CAPILLAIRE. On good security.

MOREGAIN. Ah! 'sooth is it.

O'TESTY. I may say the security is undeniable.

MOREGAIN. Well, describe the security, good sir.

O'TESTY. It's a post obit on an elderly lady.

MOREGAIN. Umph!

O'TESTY. The reversion of my grandmother.

MOREGAIN. Umph! Why, as to the matter of lending, *I have* no money; and, I know not who has. Indeed, I think it has disappeared altogether; but, if a hundred pounds worth of goods on your note, "backed" by friend Capillaire, would assist you, I think I can accommodate you for a month.

O'TESTY. I deal not; I'm no salesman, man alive!

MOREGAIN. I mean not fancy articles, but very convertible goods you see; on which you might raise money, with a trifling loss.

O'TESTY. What goods?

MOREGAIN. Why, I can sell you fifty dozen of Russia tongues; some tubs of cart grease, and the rest in paving stones, cement, or brick rubbish.

O'TESTY. Does the Jew Turk think I'm a pickle merchant or a pavier?

CAPILLAIRE. You must sell the goods.

MORRGAIN. To be sure you must, if you want the money; and I think I know a man that will give you fifty pounds for them, an' you'll take his "Bill at two months;" which, I can get discounted for you, at twenty per cent. in the city, for a small commission more.

O'TESTY. Let me shake the life out of the vampire! —Extortioner!—Usurer! This way, I'll not get a copper; but, I'll be brought into debt two hundred pounds, I think.

MOREGAIN. If you like not my terms of business, quit the house. Begone! I will now lock up Camilla, and go straight to my friend Doubletongue. [*Exit.*]

O'TESTY. Who'll lend me a hundred pounds? What a curmudgeon it is! I should like to pelt him to death with his own paving stones. I say old per centage, come back and let me pave the way with you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—THE SALOON AT WIDOW LONG-  
PURSE'S HOUSE.

*Enter Lovel and Fanny.*

LOVEL. I have just left your mother ; she absolutely wept over my victory, and fondled me like a child ; the latter spring is a dangerous time for females. When a lady, verging on forty or fifty, gets love into her head, for it goes no further, she is more obstreperous than a romp with her heart full of it.

FANNY. Once more I behold you—thank Heaven! safe.

LOVEL. Yes, Fanny, you see me, as I went from you, with my head on, and without any wound save what you may readily heal with a kiss. (*kisses her*) It is with me, as Mr. Doubletongue would say, "*Mens sana in corpore sano.*"

FANNY. I had nearly discovered myself by my alarm, when I heard of these duels. Lovel!—I love not duellists—besides, they offend the law.

LOVEL. What avails the law, when shame attends the obedience of it; and when it is degrading to do what is lawful—refuse a challenge? Silly custom has made the duel honorable, and a refusal to engage in one, ignominious.

FANNY. It would be wiser to reverse the order and the fashion too.

LOVEL. Why, speaking of the fashion of the thing, I believe it's more common than fashionable; for, your merchant or your banker, or even your haberdasher, fights his duel now-a-days.

FANNY. It is to be hoped some better mode of settling disputes may yet be found.

LOVEL. Now, be on your guard and follow the advice I have given you; for, I see Mrs. Longpurse and Doubletongue coming this way. Let us discourse for their hearing; Doubletongue, I think, suspects us, and and we must double upon him; you must appear to consent to be his wife. To trifle with such a villain is a degradation; but, we have no other remedy. We may thus catch him in his own toils.

*Enter Widow Longpurse and Doubletongue.*

DOUBLETONGUE. They do not see us. Observe them for a moment. (*aside*) I cannot but suspect my young gentleman. (*aside to himself*)

WIDOW. As you please. (*aside*)

LOVEL. As I think I have removed all the scruples you have raised against your marriage with Mr. Doubletongue, have I now your permission to acquaint Mrs. Longpurse with the result?

FANNY. I have only this to add, that, if Mr. Doubletongue will suffer a proper settlement of my fortune to be made on me, I shall be happy to accept his hand.

DOUBLETONGUE. A settlement! The young ladies now-a-days prepare for marriage, as an old general would for a campaign—either for victory or retreat. (*aside*)

LOVEL. I will take upon myself to say that Mr. Doubletongue will readily allow such a settlement as I shall suggest to him, with Mrs. Longpurse's approbation.

WIDOW. Are you yet content, my dear Doctor? (*aside*)

DOUBLETONGUE. I am *not* content; but, I suppose I must fain be so, madam.

LOVEL. And here are Mrs. Longpurse and the good Doctor, who will speak for themselves. I have taken the liberty, madam, of making a promise in your name.

WIDOW. It shall be fulfilled.

LOVEL. And I have pledged myself for you, Mr. Doubletongue.

DOUBLETONGUE. I will abide by that pledge, sir;—if I dared hope to obtain Miss Fanny's approbation—I—

FANNY. Oh! sir. (*curtsies*)

DOUBLETONGUE. (*He takes her hand*) Do you, then, allow me to hope?

FANNY. I do, sir; but, spare my blushes.

DOUBLETONGUE. I am more in the dark than ever. (*aside*)

*Enter a Servant.*

LOVEL. Take this to Mr. Word-spinner, the conveyancer.  
[*Exit Servant.*]

Madam, I have in that paper instructed the lawyer to prepare such a settlement as will secure to you the whole of your property ; not subject to the control of any husband. And Mr. Doubletongue, I have also instructed him to prepare a similar settlement on Miss Fanny—the former will keep Doubletongue out of the widow's money, should she eventually marry him ; thus I do her justice.—And the other will take Fanny's fortune out of the hands of her mother. (*aside*) Have I your approbation ?

WIDOW. Mine, most cordially.

LOVEL. And your's, good Doctor.

DOUBLETONGUE. It is just the settlement I should have advised. Ahem !

WIDOW. I hope, Mr. Doubletongue, this little family affair is settled to your complete satisfaction.

DOUBLETONGUE. Entirely madam, as you may suppose. Nothing can be so complete, so perfect. Ahem ! (*aside*) I'll at once to old Moregain, and know his mind—for Camilla I do not give up so readily. Mrs. Longpurse, your servant. Adieu ! Miss Fanny, adieu ! adieu ! Your servant, Mr. Lovel, and my curse go with you. (*aside*) [Exit.

LOVEL. Reckless now demands my attention ! I'll see his uncle ; his generous nature must surely yield to the claims of his nephew. I leave you, madam, but for a time, to serve a friend in need—one doubly imprisoned—his body by old Moregain ; his heart, by the old man's daughter !

FANNY. Cannot the lovers melt the father's heart ?

LOVEL. He has none !—the only amiable feeling the old dog possesses is that of loving his child—which is mere instinct ; for, it does not move him to generosity ; and, all in all, he is a mercenary cur !

WIDOW. Well, join your friend, but do not leave me long ; I have much to shew you, and much to tell you. I want your opinion upon a hundred different things.

LOVEL. *My opinion* is entirely at your service.

[*Exeunt Lovel and Mrs. Longpurse. He kisses his hand to Fanny.*

FANNY. Ha ! ha ! (*laughing.*) *His opinion* is all he has to bestow. Again alone ! Well, this masquerade cannot last much longer, and I must even support my

character to the end of the play—"le bon temps viendra," as Lovel says. In the mean while, I fear my dear mother is getting dreadfully in love. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—A ROOM AT MOREGAIN'S.

*Enter Moregain and Doubletongue.*

MOREGAIN. Remember now!—nothing whilst I live, and all when I die.

DOUBLETONGUE. That is, you give your daughter and nothing more.

MOREGAIN. Even so, and she is a great gift! Poor prisoner!—you see how I prize her, for I lock her up.

DOUBLETONGUE. It's true, she's a treasure; but, not of the available kind, like an ugly woman's dower; but, costly only. She's handsome, and therefore, will wear handsome clothes.—Consider what they cost—must eat and drink well—will have her routs and frequent the opera—give concerts—"at homes & conversazioni"—and, in short, will spend an ugly woman's fortune with a pretty face, only for her dower.

MOREGAIN. That's very fine reasoning of your's, sir; but, a man who listens to another's reasons, should have no will of his own. No—no—no!—my daughter has not been accustomed to such things—she's no fine lady, sir—I know her better—she'll love her husband and nothing else—she'll *save* him a fortune—think of that, Mr. Doubletongue—think of that—save him a fortune—ergo—she's rich, I say.

DOUBLETONGUE. Oh! sir—when a woman marries, she changes her inclinations with her name. Your daughter is only a woman after all.

MOREGAIN. That may be; but her keep costs *me* very little. Will you have my daughter?

DOUBLETONGUE. Nothing whilst you live you say?

MOREGAIN. Of a surety, now, my good wishes shall not be wanting; and I'll give you—my advice.

DOUBLETONGUE. Shall I take his daughter and wait for his money? (*aside*) Nothing whilst you live you say?

MOREGAIN. Aye!—but all when I die. Nothing whilst I live, but all when I die. All!—all!—all!—Think of it well.

DOUBLETONGUE. I hate reversions; yet, Fanny's settlement shuts me out for ever from her money—all when you die? He must die one day, and the sooner the better. (*aside*)

MOREGAIN. All when I die!—I shan't live long.

DOUBLETONGUE. Do you think not?—Hem! Well, we'll talk of this again presently. Camilla has a quick pulse, and I must see her again by and bye; she has symptoms of fever about her.

CAMILLA. (*From without*) Father, dear father!—I shall break my heart. (*sobbing loud*)

MOREGAIN. Hush, hush!—This alarms me—terrifies me!—She's not very ill?—she's not in danger?—Aye, aye!—speak, tell me!—Shall I give her liberty again?

DOUBLETONGUE. By no means; she'll seek her lover instantly.

MOREGAIN. True, true.

DOUBLETONGUE. Be calm, sir; there's no need of fear. This will pass off by and bye; I'll see her again presently; it will be an opportunity to speak to her on the subject of my suit; but, I must consider well my game. (*aside*) Your servant, Mr. Moregain. [*Exit.*

MOREGAIN. Should she die of grief! Alas!—alas! dear Heaven! do not let her die! My daughter!—my only prop!—my dear child!—the only soul that loves me, or that I love. I cannot—will not live without her.

CAMILLA. Father, father. (*from without*)

MOREGAIN. I come, my child. [*Exit.*

END OF ACT THE THIRD.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—PRISON, AS BEFORE.

*Reckless is discovered.*

RECKLESS. Liberty!—sweet liberty!—the universal cry: the prisoner longs for thee—the philosopher defines thee—the patriot dies for thee—and the savage only enjoys thee. I think I hear some snug citizen say, “that’s rude liberty:” Well, what’s civil liberty? Why, it is that refined species of freedom which gives one man power of arrest over another; as “*par excellence*,” et “*par exemple*”—dear ruder liberty, I hail thee here! As incarceration is not liberty, money must be; for, without it, we soon get under lock and key. Money, that prohibited word amongst friends; the very name of which mentioned by a poor relation, or a needy friend, would give the ague to the stoutest, richest man.

*Enter Lovel.*

LOVEL. My dear Reckless!

RECKLESS. Are you not afraid of catching the gaol distemper coming here?

LOVEL. I am more afraid of your *ill* temper; and so prithee now be composed, or they shall put irons on you.

RECKLESS. You’re ironical. Be composed indeed? I never was happier in my life! (*in an affected strain of gaiety*) There’s a sort of gaiety about the place that’s quite unaccountable. Happiness is indigenous here, I believe. Don’t you feel it yourself?—a kind of a—a sort of a—It’s the—or a—something or another that I can’t exactly make out.

LOVEL. Nor anybody else; I have news for you!

RECKLESS. Did you fight? How came you off? Did you kill anybody? What did you do without me? Wasn’t I a scurvy fellow to get into prison just to disappoint you?

LOVEL. I’ll answer you all anon; but, first of all, I must introduce a friend to you.



RECKLESS. A friend—what is that anomaly? Friends, as they are called, I abhor; things that fawn upon you in prosperous days, and in adversity shun you; or at best, give you a cold how d'y' do; they're as common as blanks in a lottery, or as flies in summer: I have no friend but yourself, and Heaven! save me from counterfeits.

LOVEL. Yes, you have; one that will be welcome too. I'll just step out and fetch him. [*Exit.*]

RECKLESS. When a friend is friend enough to follow his friend to a prison, he is a friend indeed—and such is Lovel.

*Re-enter Lovel and Easy.*

My uncle!

LOVEL. Yes; your uncle, who, whilst I was chatting with you, has discharged old Moregain's claim, for which you were detained, and made you free. (*embracing his uncle*)

EASY. Harry, it is your uncle!—Forgive me for having refused you the money; I did not know how much you wanted it, or it never should have come to this. It was all Mrs. Easy's fault, so forgive me. It's her philanthropy you know.

RECKLESS. Forgive you?—Oh! sir; it is I that should ask pardon of you.

EASY. Let's get out of this place.

RECKLESS. Ah!—let us fly to the open air, and breathe again: this confinement suffocates me. Man was made for liberty! Let me once more see the sun, and adore it—'tis liberty!

LOVEL. Nay, prithee now!—There's a sort of gaiety about the place that's quite unaccountable—don't you feel it?—a kind of a—sort of a—something. (*mimicking Reckless*)

RECKLESS. Ha!—ha!

*Enter Gaolor.*

JAILOR. A letter for Mr. Reckless. (*gives it*)

RECKLESS. It is indeed for me; and it comes from Camilla. Let me read it. "Think me not unkind, dear Reckless, that I am not now by your side. My father has confined me to my room, and, in his mis-

"taken love for me, persecutes me to receive the ad-dresses of his friend; but, confide in the affection of Camilla; she can bear all grief but your absence—"when shall we meet again?" Sooner than you think, sweet one! Dear uncle, Camilla shall thank you for my liberty.

EASY. Heaven bless you both!

RECKLESS. But, what is liberty to me without Camilla? My land's still in pawn, and I cannot claim her hand.

LOVEL. The poor terra firma's at nurse; bad nursing I trow. (*aside*)

RECKLESS. It's only dirt to be sure; but Camilla cannot be mine without it.

EASY. I've no son—no child of my own. I *will* adopt him—I will redeem his land, let Mrs. Easy say what she likes about philanthropy. I will make him my heir without her consent; for, I have not the least hope of one with it: but this shall be done after dinner. (*aside*) Let's away!

LOVEL. Now, for a general gaol delivery.

EASY. Let's home!—I'll give you a hearty welcome—a hot dinner and old wine; and, if you can't find new toasts and jokes, you won't deserve my old wine.

RECKLESS. I'll drink no toasts to-day, but "Liberty" and "Camilla." I must first see Camilla, and I will join you afterwards at dinner.

EASY. Well, well—this must be a secret! Mrs. Easy must know nothing of what has happened; her ideas of general philanthropy will not allow of my assisting any individual. She is for postponing all her benevolent intentions, as well as mine, until she dies.—Mum!

RECKLESS. Her death must be a great desideratum. (*aside to Lovel*)—Mum!

LOVEL. A blessing devoutly to be wished.—Mum!  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Enter O'Testy and Capillaire.*

O'TESTY. Sure, I'll carry off the widow. Since there is no other way in the world to gain her consent, I'll obtain it by main force. I'll elope with her, vi et armis, and make her a happy woman against her will.

CAPILLAIRE. That will amount to abduction.

O'TESTY. Don't tell me of the amount, except it's the amount of the lady's fortune.—It's only your dictionary makers that give significations to words. But,

if abduction or seduction means that an Irish gentleman could do anything derogatory to a lady, then it's a false concord and part of speech; for I mean to marry the widow, which is a compliment to any woman.

CAPILLAIRE. What, without her approbation?

O'TESTY. Botheration! That will be her fault.—She can consent after she's Mrs. O'Testy, can't she? During the honey moon?

CAPILLAIRE. You'll not have my assistance, Mr. O'Testy, in this business,—I am a very correct man.

O'TESTY. That for your assistance. (*taking snuff*) I'll play all the characters myself. I'll surround the lady, and carry her off single handed, you pusillanimous pumpkin!

CAPILLAIRE. Surround the lady?

O'TESTY. With my arms to be sure; and sure there'll be no harm in that. And it will do away with the abduction part of the elopement altogether.

CAPILLAIRE. I wish you good morning, Mr. O'Testy. You've taken leave of your senses, and it's now time to take leave of you. I am a very discreet man.

[*Exit Capillaire.*]

O'TESTY. I'm glad he's gone,—he's all pomatum and stick in the mud. By the powers! I see Mrs. Longpurse coming.

*Enter Mrs. Longpurse.*

O'TESTY. Mrs. Longpurse, I would talk reasonably to you, or poetically, or historically, or hyperbolically: I would speak to you of the geography of a man's heart: I would examine it statistically: I would describe its resources, its springs, its riches, its people, (and you are the only man in my heart); but, that would be taking up a great deal of our time, my darling, and we have very little to spare; therefore, at once, I throw my heart at your feet, that it may speak for itself.

MRS. L. These figures of speech amount to a fearful sum, I dare say, Mr. O'TESTY; but I do not understand such arithmetic,—indeed, your conduct is altogether unintelligible to me.

O'TESTY. Then, I'll be plain with you. I'm in love with you, and I mean to elope with you as soon as it's convenient to you.

WIDOW. *Run away with me?*

O'TESTY. Faith will I, if you like that better.

WIDOW. Ha! Ha! (*laughs*) If I were to consent, that would be running away with you, I think.

O'TESTY. To be sure it would, my darling; and it's *just all the same* to me, my jewel.

WIDOW. No, No, Mr. O'Testy, there's no necessity for that; I sha'nt run away with you.

O'TESTY. Will you marry me quietly then, my honey?

WIDOW. By no means quietly.

O'TESTY. Not quietly? Then, by the powers, I'll carry you off; and, like another Helen, I'll make a Paris of you.

WIDOW. You may mean this for gallantry, Mr. O'Testy; and, probably, in your country it may still be the fashion to take such violent measures; but give me leave to tell you—

O'TESTY. Violent measures! Hubbaboo! Och! is it that? Fire and faggots!

WIDOW. He quite frightens me,—I must humour the wretch. (*aside.*) Well, well, Mr. O'Testy, be pacified; I think you love me—indeed, I'm sure you do.

O'TESTY. It's as true as Æsop's fables.

WIDOW. Hush! Hush! We are observed here. The servants are continually passing this way, and Mr. Lovel may see us,—do you understand me? We must be more private.

O'TESTY. I see.—A nod's as good as a wink.—Was there ever a doubt which to admire? There's Doubletongue,—he's but an old woman of the male species; Lovel's but a young thing; Capillaire's not the thing at all; and sure I'm quite the thing.

WIDOW. I am convinced of your superiority. I will meet you again by and bye; but just hide yourself for the present in my china closet, and I'll be bound you shall be satisfied with me before half an hour's over.—Conceal yourself. Conceal yourself.

O'TESTY. Oh! my darling! (*kissing her hand*) Leave an Irishman alone for managing a lady. Don't keep me in suspense! Oh! my darling! (*enters the closet*) She's mine. She's mine. (*She fastens the door*)

WIDOW. And now having turn'd the key upon you, there you shall stay till you come to your senses. This will teach you, in future, to allow a lady to dispose of her hand as she pleases.

O'TESTY. Is there no reciprocity? Oh, thunder and murder! Am I bamboozled? Here's a hullabulloo! I'm made prisoner! Let me out, or I'll break the china. (*knocking very loud*)

WIDOW. There's the window,—it's only two pair of stairs from the street, and an easy jump.

O'TESTY. Jump? Bump! I'll break my legs that way.

WIDOW. So that I never see your face again, I care not if it be your neck. [Exit.]

O'TESTY. (*Breaks the door open*) This match is off! Oh! what a Devil! I'd pity the sea-horse, if he had such a wife. To be caught like a rat in a trap.—I'll never think of a widow again.—The tigress! Catamaran! She monster! Devil incarnate! The next woman I fight for shall be my wife, that she may feel the obligation she'll be under, if I make her a widow. And if ever I'm caught like a bull in a china closet again, may I be cut up into beef-steaks for Mrs. Longpurse's supper. [Exit.]

*Enter Mrs. Longpurse and Lovel.*

MRS. L. Ha! Ha! (*laughing*) The bird has flown. If you had but seen me catch him and cage him, you'd have died with laughter. I do not think he will ever trouble us again.

LOVEL. Us!—Here am I caught too. I came to snatch a word and a kiss from Fanny, and unfortunately fall into the arms of this—good lady. (*aside*)

MRS. L. What is the matter? You don't seem happy.

LOVEL. I am in ecstasy! Have I not just seen my friend safe out of prison? Am I not on the point of marriage with the woman I adore?—

MRS. L. Adore! Oh, Mr. Lovel, had I known you in earlier life—

LOVEL. Don't mention it. (*aside*) But tell me, when are the settlements to be signed?

MRS. L. An hour hence! But the happy day *you* must name.

LOVEL. It shall be to-morrow.

MRS. L. So soon?

LOVEL. Till it arrives, my impatient soul will deem the interval an eternity. This is quite true, but a damned equivocation. (*aside*)

MRS. L. I am overcome.—It is too much for me.—My excessive happiness makes me hysterical. Bye, bye. [Exit.]

LOVEL. Fie, fie.—And now to get one word with Fanny. [Exit opposite side.]

### SCENE III.—MOREGAIN'S HOUSE.

*Enter Doubletongue.*

DOUBLETONGUE. Moregain's very rich, I know; and I must outlive him; but, shall I succeed with Camilla? *She, I find, has a lover.* Confinement may have made

her tractable, and he is safe in prison. No rhetoric can reason Moregain out of gold; but he'll give me his daughter: Well, I will offer her my hand; if she receive it, so; if not, I must be prepared. Did I dare use a little force? I have known it efficacious; I will try it now. If she repulse me, and charge me with the wrong, I'll say it is delirium, call her mad, and confine her: I'm her doctor! *[Exit.]*

*Enter Reckless.*

RECKLESS. The coast is clear—Camilla! Camilla!—*(calling her)* She does not expect me, or I had found her waiting. *(a scream is heard)* Good Heaven!—that's her voice! Camilla, I am here!—Thy protector! What danger besets my love? *(rushes off)*

*Reckless returns, dragging in Doubletongue, and throws him from him.*

RECKLESS. Unmanly villain!—Coward!—Could you become this moment an inanimate statue, the world would say the sculptor carved you to shew a villain! for, on that countenance sits abject rascality: and the world shall know, though you change those looks for smiles, and play the honest man abroad, you are a rascal; not to be trusted, at least, within a lady's chamber.

DOUBLETONGUE. Sir! if really—that is—this may be explained.

RECKLESS. I will not hear you—begone!

DOUBLETONGUE. I woo'd the young lady by her father's wish.

RECKLESS. Faugh!—Call you that wooing? The snake against the fluttering bird. Wooing! cold hypocrite!—whose gentlest words are but as the slime of a reptile. Wooing forsooth!—Oh! shame. *[Exit.]*

DOUBLETONGUE. Detected!—discovered!—How came he here? Why, at that moment too—that very moment? What chance or combination of evils should throw him in the way? Who has opened his prison door? He shall not want my curses! Fool!—that I was to risk my character.

*Enter Moregain.*

MOREGAIN. How is she? How is my child?—my Camilla?

DOUBLETONGUE. (*Does not perceive Moregain*) It's all over! (*to himself*)

MOREGAIN. All over?—Am I childless?

*Enter Lovel.*

LOVEL. (*Observes them aside*) Reckless is with Camilla. I must contrive to keep old Moregain from them. Doubletongue does not notice him. (*aside*)

DOUBLETONGUE. Fool!—Idiot!—Besotted ass!— (*stamps*) [*Exit without observing Moregain.*]

LOVEL. He neither hears nor sees Moregain—this is lucky.

MOREGAIN. Stay!—I will buy off death at any price! I'll give you all I possess to restore her! He heeds me not!—he will not return!—My sweet Camilla!

LOVEL. How shall I get Moregain into conversation? Egad! I'll turn doctor myself for awhile and prescribe. (*aside and comes forward*) Sir, Mr. Doubletongue has called me in to see your daughter.

MOREGAIN. My poor child!

LOVEL. He thinks her disease a—a—a rheumatic, apoplectic, dropsical spasm.

MOREGAIN. How complicated!—Oh! all the diseases in the world!

LOVEL. Now, I don't think so; I'm not at all of that opinion; I can't agree with him.

MOREGAIN. Will you restore her? Pity her poor father!

LOVEL. Her complaint is in the heart, sir.

MOREGAIN. That's true enough—right.—Ah! he's very right.

LOVEL. I found that out immediately.

MOREGAIN. The villain that has done this shall rot in gaol!

LOVEL. And yet, sir, its neither aneurism, nor ossification, nor contraction, nor enlargement, nor cancer; but, nothing less than this—there's a man in it! 'Twas but the other day Miss Rosebud Truelove, a spinster of three score, died of a similar affection of the heart.

MOREGAIN. Oh, my daughter!

LOVEL. Her heart is withering for the man she loves

MOREGAIN. Is she curable? Eradicate the disease, and I'll give you—give you—Can you save her?

LOVEL. Yes, sir; follow the advice of Hippocrates, and, and Galen—and, and Æsculapius—and Albertus Magnus, Cornelius Agrippa, Paracelsus, and your humble servant—and let her have the man that has her heart—this will save her.

MOREGAIN. (*Looking up*) I've seen that hang-dog face before! Am I duped? Knave!—rascal!—get you gone!—get out!

LOVEL. Be civil, or I'll strangle you. I owe you no money, usurer!—foul-mouthed dotard!

MOREGAIN. But your friend does!

LOVEL. You have his land for that.

MOREGAIN. Ha!—ha!—(*laughing*)—and his body too! *He* can't come here! I have *him* caged at any rate; a rash young man, that don't know the value of money.

LOVEL. You could teach him *that* right soon; if he have not already learnt it, let him try to borrow some of you. Give him your daughter, and he shall rear you some nice young usurers.

MOREGAIN. I spit upon you. I have him caged—caged—caged, I say.

LOVEL. Ha!—ha! (*laughs*) No, you have not.—No, you have not—not—not, I say.

*Enter Reckless.*

MOREGAIN. Bah!—What does this mean? He's broke loose from prison; I'll raise the county.

RECKLESS. My uncle has paid the debt I owed you, for the arrear of interest, and set me free.

MOREGAIN. To plague me!—Oh! the foolish man; but, he has paid the money. (*aside*)

RECKLESS. Think of Camilla's happiness.

MOREGAIN. Mr. Doubletongue will make her happy.

RECKLESS. And did you send him here to insult her in her imprisonment? 'Twas just now I saved her fainting from his rude embrace—had you, as a father, heard her cries!

MOREGAIN. What!—Impossible!—Oh! the smooth



faced villain; but you belie him! He's gone. If I had heard her cries, I should have torn his heart out with these old hands; but, you trifle with me. I see your scornful eye.

*Enter Camilla.*

O! my child, (*embracing*) this is sweet!—I thought I should never behold you again.

CAMILLA. If you love me, father, turn your favor there: (*looking at Reckless*) he is my preserver; reward him as you love me.

MOREGAIN. He has not redeemed his land.

CAMILLA. He has done more—he has redeemed your child.

MOREGAIN. You quibble with me, girl.

CAMILLA. Hear my prayer. At your feet I ask my heart's prayer. (*kneeling*) Pity me!—I have been dutiful to you, father, and very careful hitherto, not to let my love for Reckless exceed my duty unto you; but, now I am overpowered by his generosity: give me to him, dear father, lest rashly I should disobey your will.

MOREGAIN. Never!

CAMILLA. Recal your words, dear father, for I am desperate.

MOREGAIN. No.

CAMILLA. The struggle is too much to bear!—I beseech you, father, grant my prayer, dear father!

MOREGAIN. Never; I had rather you should lie at my feet a corpse. Can you teach me to love a beggar?

CAMILLA. Reckless, I am your's; take me from my father's house, and, at the altar, let's seek a blessing he will not give us. Farewell, sir!—and Heaven watch over you!—Farewell!

RECKLESS. Avarice cannot raise its wings beyond the earth. Old man, I pity you! [*Exeunt all but Moregain.*]

MOREGAIN. (*Lost in thought*) Camilla!—Camilla, my child! She heeds me not—gone! Is she gone? Has she deserted me?—Come back! I am an old man! I will relent!—Come back! I will have him for a son—I consent—I—I—will join your hands!—I will love him! She hears me not—she returns not. Camilla!—Camilla!—I fear I shall go mad!

*Enter Doubletongue.*

DOUBLETONGUE. I must see Moregain, put a gloss upon this business, and throw the blame upon the lover, if I can. What has happened to the old man?—He seems wild.

MOREGAIN. My child—I consent—take your way—Camilla!—Camilla! Come back—I am not angry—he shall be your husband. (*sees Doubletongue*) Villain!—give me my child! (*seizing Doubletongue*) It is you, who have done this. Your leprous touch defiled her, and drove her from me.

DOUBLETONGUE. Help!—help!—unloose me, sir!—the man's gone mad.

MOREGAIN. I will have vengeance. (*they struggle and the scene closes*)

DOUBLETONGUE. Help!—help!

MOREGAIN. My child, villain!

END OF ACT THE FOURTH.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—THE STREET.

*Enter Old Longpurse.*

LONGPURSE. I'm once more at liberty!—egad! It is a wonderful thing, that I, John Longpurse, Esquire, worth two thousand a-year and more, should have been kidnapped by smugglers, and detained from my wife and daughter, without any means of communicating with them for three months. Who would believe it?—a man worth more than two thousand a-year! My disappearance must have caused a great sensation at the time—kidnapped and detained upwards of three months! It's a wonderful thing!—Well, I will now go home to my wife. I've determined to give her a pleasant surprise. How happy I shall make dear Mrs. Longpurse, as well as all my friends!

*Enter O'Testy and Capillaire.*

Ah! my dear friends, you did not expect to see me!

CAPILLAIRE. It needs no ghost to tell us that!

O'TESTY. Keep off!—don't speak to us!—it's some other man, or his duplicate.

LONGPURSE. Gentlemen! gentlemen!—won't you own your old friend Longpurse?

O'TESTY. Longpurse!—Pooh!—he's dead! See if his widow owns you. She can "prove an alibi" for the defunct, I think.

LONGPURSE. Mr. Capillaire, don't you recognize me.

CAPILLAIRE. By no means; it's an old mermaid!—How it smells of sea weed.

LONGPURSE. Pray, Mr. Testy, shake hands with me.

O'TESTY. Not I; I quite dropped your acquaintance after you drowned yourself; and, shaking hands is a great responsibility, faith, with a man of honor.

LONGPURSE. Drown myself!—Pooh!—I see you are determined not to know *me*; but, I'll soon convince you, Mr. Testy, *I know you*. (*taking out his pocket*

*book*) Here's your note of hand for money I lent you, Mr. Testy.

O'TESTY. O'Testy, if you please, sir. Our family are entitled to the great O.'!—but, that stands for nothing. Sure enough it's my note—upon my honor it's my note; and that's just all I can say about it at present.

CAPILLAIRE. The devil's notary I do believe. Protest against it, my dear O.

O'TESTY. I hope you did not come back on this account. I should be sorry if I gave you the trouble, to leave your quiet grave. However, it's not possible for me to pay you now; but, if you are to be found in the morning, I'll believe you are Mr. Longpurse or somebody else; and I'll pay the money immediately after its quite convenient to me, and that you may depend upon entirely.

CAPILLAIRE. He makes my blood curdle. (*they are going*)

LONGPURSE. Don't leave me.

O'TESTY. You will excuse us. By the foot of Pharaoh! I think I saw the cloven foot.

CAPILLAIRE. I'll go home and practise the small sword for an hour; for, really this strange gentleman has made my teeth ch-atter, chatter, and I'm as cold as mar-ble.

O'TESTY. I'm mighty sorry he should take so long a journey about this same paltry money, which I thought had been rubbed out very fairly; for, I must go back to Ireland to get out of his debt; and faith, I'm glad I've not borrowed his widow too.

[*Exeunt Capillaire and O'Testy.*]

LONGPURSE. They won't know me!—Suppose my wife should not know me? Aye!—what shall I do then?

*Enter Easy.*

Ah!—Mr. Easy.

EASY. I beg your pardon.—Ahem. Surely it is not Mr. Longpurse? Good God!—how very extraordinary. Is it you, Mr. Longpurse?

LONGPURSE. To be sure it is!—How's my wife?

EASY. Wife, sir!—your wife? Widow, you mean. Law, sir!—she has proved your will; and if you don't

make haste home, she'll have another husband, and make him your heir.

LONGPURSE. Heaven forbid!—I am very ill used!

EASY. What have you been doing?—We thought you had been drowned three months ago:—Where have you been all this time?

LONGPURSE. Oh! it's a long story. Did you think I had drowned myself?

EASY. We found part of your clothes on the beach, and we could not find *you*:—What else were we to think?

LONGPURSE. You know we were in Sussex last summer.—Well, I had taken a stroll down to the beach to bathe, and was just preparing to undress, and peeping about to see that I was alone, when two great sea monsters sprang upon me.

EASY. Sea monsters, Mr. Longpurse!

LONGPURSE. I mean smugglers!—They took me for an exciseman or a spy; for they would not hear a word I had to say.—I offered them money—told them I was Mr. Longpurse—but, all to no purpose—they gagged me and dragged me to a boat, into which they flung me, then rowed to a vessel at some distance from shore, and in an hour afterwards, set sail for France. I have had no opportunity to escape, or even to make my fate known, so closely was I watched; 'till a few nights ago, the rascals being drunk—.

EASY. Well, you are come home, perhaps, just in time to prevent a world of mischief—things are not as you left them—the house is out of windows—your wife is going to be married—your daughter to run away—your fortune to be—

LONGPURSE. Oh! Mrs. Longpurse, I'll be revenged!—I'll put a stop to this, at once. But my two thousand per annum—speak!

EASY. Is still safe.

LONGPURSE. Well. That's something.

EASY. Leave all to me.—A thought has just struck me, by which, I will bring a dead man to life again.—Come with me, and I will inform you of my reasons, as we go along.—Lovel has told me how the whole matter stands. (*aside*)

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Enter Doubletongue.*

DOUBLETONGUE. I was well nigh strangled by the old rogue. Fool that I was, to lay myself open to detection. I, that stood so high in the world, on what is called respectability of character—to be caught—Pshaw! What a reputation I've lost!—if the news has reached this house, it has undone me. Foiled of the widow—if I lose Fanny, I shall have played a losing game indeed. Ah! again together: then I'll know their secret!— (*Goes behind a screen*) I have them now, I think.

*Enter Lovel and Fanny.*

LOVEL. We are now alone.

FANNY. All has gone well.

LOVEL. Yes, the happy moment is at length arrived; the settlements are signed; and you are mine, sweet Fan. The widow has parted with all control over your portion; and we have outwitted Doubletongue. Let us away to-night—and leave these worthies to wonder at their own folly in the morning. (*Doubletongue comes forward*)

DOUBLETONGUE. Indeed!—And you have outwitted Doubletongue?—ha!—ha!—(*laughing*)—how extraordinary truly! No—you have not outwitted him, and never shall.—I have baffled *you*, my prince of adepts!

LOVEL. Doubletongue!

DOUBLETONGUE. (*Laughing sneeringly*) I cannot but admire you, my young gentleman—and my intended wife, too—a most delicate young lady.—Was I to be made your fool?—You shall repent this!

FANNY. He has overheard us! What an unlucky contre temps. (*aside*)

LOVEL. What would you do?

DOUBLETONGUE. Expose you, and frustrate all your fine wove speculations!

LOVEL. You will! Know, sir, that I have made a discovery too; one that shall unmask you to the whole world.—Miss Moregain, sir—you understand me—

DOUBLETONGUE. Nay, sir, pray indulge yourself. I feel not the sting you would inflict. I'm of the world!

LOVEL. I know it, and I know you to be no credit to it—as sordid, as dishonorable—What is it you want? If I have reached my object, do I not leave you what you did want?—the widow?

DOUBLETONGUE. True, true. (*aside*)

LOVEL. Let's compromise our discoveries by keeping each other's secret. Marry the Widow and hold your tongue, though you may never be able to stop her's.

DOUBLETONGUE. And will you be silent too?

LOVEL. Most assuredly. And I'll freely give you up the widow.

DOUBLETONGUE. A bargain! and I as freely return Miss Fanny; that is, with her permission.

FANNY. Nay, sir, you're very ungallant; but to secure your happiness, I submit.

LOVEL. I believe we perfectly understand one another, now.

DOUBLETONGUE. I do not think there are two men that understand one another better—

[*Exeunt Lovel and Fanny.*]

or hate each other more. Plague on the fellow!—Why did he make the woman settle the money on herself? I thought he was confoundly nice. Curse him!—but, I'll see the widow, expose them both, and ingratiate myself again; and here's an opportunity offers at once.

*Enter Mrs. Longpurse and Easy.*

DOUBLETONGUE. Dear and charming Mrs. Longpurse, I have a matter of the greatest moment to relate to you.

EASY. Perhaps, you will allow me, Mr. Doubletongue, to conclude my business with Mrs. Longpurse, which is also of the first importance.

MRS. L. You say that an agent of my late husband has just been with you?

EASY. Yes, madam; and he gave me this packet, which, it appears, was left in his charge to be delivered to me, when Mr. Longpurse should be no more; and of his death he had only recently heard.

MRS. L. It is very strange, sir, that the packet was not put into your hands sooner.

DOUBLETONGUE. Delightful Mrs. Longpurse!

EASY. A most unfortunate circumstance, madam. I have not yet opened the packet, as I wished that you should see me unseal it. With your permission I will now do so.

MRS. L. Do, sir. A tremor comes over me. (*aside*) What is it I apprehend?

*Enter Lovel and Fanny.*

EASY. (*Opens the packet*) Here are two parts of a will, madam; and the will appears to be of much later date than *that* under which you are acting. Take one of them. (*gives her one of the parts*)

MRS. L. Sir, I thank you. What do I fear? (*aside*) I will carry this to my chamber; it is indeed *his* writing! I now feel that I had too soon forgotten the man, who thought so much of me. [*Exit.*]

DOUBLETONGUE. What is all this? (*aside*) (*Easy reads the will aside*)

EASY. By this new found will, Mr. Longpurse has left (with the exception of an annuity of one hundred pounds to his widow) the whole of his property to his daughter.

DOUBLETONGUE. The widow's a beggar! (*aside*) The whole of his property, do you say?

EASY. It is certain.

DOUBLETONGUE. Why, what have I been about? (*aside*) My dear Miss Longpurse, you couldn't think I meant to resign you? Checkmated, by heaven! (*aside*)

EASY. The bequest, however, is subject to this trifling condition only—that Fanny do not marry without her mother's (Mrs. Longpurse's) consent; for, should she, the property is to go elsewhere.

DOUBLETONGUE. Oh!—good morning to you all!—How lucky that *this* will should have come to light at this time; a day or two later, and I should have been fixed with the widow and her annuity. (*aside as he is going*)

LOVEL. You will keep your word, and marry the widow?

DOUBLETONGUE. Why, I shan't fix the day imme-



diately: Mrs. D. has only been dead three months; but, no doubt, Miss Fanny will marry *you*?—and the widow *will* consent too.

LOVEL. I am not so base as to wish that she should sacrifice her fortune for me: were she still Fanny, without this fortune, I would marry her; but, Miss Longpurse, with this fortune, becomes a golden goddess, I may worship, but will not profane.

FANNY. She never will accept the fortune upon such terms—no, never. For that generous sentiment, Lovel, if you'll take me a beggar, I am yours; and, I shall think my better fortune, is your love.

DOUBLETONGUE. The testator, to my thinking, was an old fool. Pray offer my affectionate, that is respectful condolence, to Mrs. Longpurse. The testator has imposed upon us all. (*aside.*)

LOVEL. Before you take your leave, Mr. Doubletongue, accept this advice:—To your knowledge of the world—add a little common honesty.

DOUBLETONGUE. You're a young man. Honesty!—The world!—Bah!—Simple boy. [*Exit.*]

EASY. And you persist, Fanny, in marrying Mr. Lovel, without obtaining Mrs. Longpurse's consent?

FANNY. I do; for, I fear, I shall never obtain it.

EASY. If she consent, her folly will be half atoned. (*aside*) And are you aware of the consequences, Fanny?

FANNY. Perfectly. I almost thank my father for making the condition; and have no regret, but on my mother's account. Lovel, I will seek her, and strive to give her comfort.

LOVEL. Do, Fanny, and explain every thing to her; assure her of our sincere friendship. [*Exit Fanny.*]

EASY. Hem!—hem!

LOVEL. What's the matter? What are you coughing and humming about.

EASY. You may come out. (*tapping at a side door*)

*Enter Longpurse.*

LOVEL. What's this? Is there any conjuration? Can this be Mr. Longpurse? It is Mr. Longpurse! Sir, I am delighted to see you again.

LONGPURSE. I am as happy to see you, and I shall be very proud to have you for a son-in-law; and, that you may not regret my return to life, I shall double Fanny's portion.

LOVEL. You do me much honor. Egad!—this is such an odd meeting, that, upon my word, I am quite at a loss to—to—to—

EASY. It's very lucky, for there's no time now for explanation. Get back to your concealment, and you Lovel, come along with me.

[*Exeunt Easy and Lovel.*]

*Re-enter Doubletongue.*

DOUBLETONGUE. (*He does not observe Mr. Longpurse.*)—I have watched them out of the room: there is a mystery about this new-found will, that I can't unriddle.—If I could only overhear what Mr. Easy is now saying to Lovel:—(*listens and draws nearer the door*)—buz—buz—I can't hear a word—one would almost as soon have expected the resurrection of the testator himself, as a second will to rise up.—(*Sees Longpurse, and starts*)—Who, in the name of wonder, are you?

LONGPURSE. I thank you for your disinterested attention to Mrs. Longpurse.

DOUBLETONGUE. If—that is—(*stepping back, Longpurse following him*)—I say, I feel—in short, if you are Mr. Longpurse, I wish you joy of your recovery.

LONGPURSE. Bah!

DOUBLETONGUE. I wish you good evening.—It is old Mr. Longpurse, with a vengeance!—My dear, sir—do explain this—this—odd, very odd business?

LONGPURSE. Begone! [*Exit Longpurse.*]

DOUBLETONGUE. Hem!—we live in very extraordinary times, to be sure—but, after this turn up, I'll never believe any body dead, whose eyes I have not closed myself. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.

*Enter Mrs. Longpurse.*

MRS. L. By this new found will, I am reduced to genteel beggary:—my fine fortune is cut down to a mere

sufficiency, and my husband's daughter made an heiress; How can I bear it? Why, better than I thought. It seems as if his spirit had watched me; and finding how ill I deserved his bounty, had sent this will to punish me!—Away pride!—away anger! I am content.

*Enter Fanny.*

Ah! Fanny, I give you joy; and I hope you may be always happy!—Your father's will has made you very rich.

FANNY. Alas! it has left me very poor—think of the condition—not to marry without—

MRS. L. My consent.—Well, you have my consent, already, to marry Mr. Doubletongue.

FANNY. He is my aversion! I am engaged to another.—How shall I confess my deceit?—Let my present sorrow atone for it. Mr. Lovel has been long attached—to me.

MRS. L. To you!—my eyes are opened—now I see my folly—my error, too!

FANNY. Can you forgive me?

MRS. L. From my soul!

FANNY. I have consented to abandon the fortune, and marry Lovel.

MRS. L. Ingenious girl! 'Tis a dear husband, and I hope a good one, too—but, it shall not cost you so much—I, at once consent to your marriage with him; for myself, I feel now, almost for the first time, that I am a widow, and have nothing more to do with the world.

FANNY. Nay, we will reconcile you to it; for you have made it a happy one for us, and you shall participate in our joy.

*Enter Mr. Easy and Lovel.*

MRS. L. Sir, I have read the will, and am content—I may say happy. I thank my husband that he has left me anything; and for his bounty, I shall always remember him with gratitude.

EASY. Your acknowledgments give me pleasure.  
(*a loud knocking is heard.*)

*Enter Servant, who gives Easy a card.*

MRS. L. What is it so alarms me? I shall sink with shame—who is it, sir?

*Enter Longpurse.*

EASY. No stranger, madam—only your own husband!

MRS. L. My husband!—Is he alive?

FANNY. My father not dead?

MR. LONGPURSE. “Departed, not defunct” my dears.

MRS. L. It is my husband! (*she faints*)

MR. LONGPURSE. She has not forgotten me!

FANNY. My father!

MR. LONGPURSE. Yes, you baggage; (*embracing her*) but, you never loved me! Oh! my poor wife!—look up—all’s forgotten—all’s forgiven! (*they embrace*)

MRS. L. Can you forgive me, Mr. Longpurse?

MR. LONGPURSE. I cannot do otherwise. We’ll spend a new honey-moon—we’ll be fresh married—we’ll commence matrimony *de novo*, with Fanny and Lovel, and be the gayest couple in town, Mrs. Longpurse, with our two thousand a-year.

LOVEL. A restitution of conjugal rights, without the aid of Doctors’ Commons.

MRS. L. It shall hereafter be the study of my life to make you the happiest man alive.

LOVEL. By killing him with kindness.

MRS. L. What strange event has kept you from us so long?

MR. LONGPURSE. You shall hear it all some winter’s night; we will reserve that story for a *tête-à-tête*—but, let us now join the hands of those, whose hearts are already united.

[*Mr. Longpurse gives Fanny to Lovel.*]

LOVEL. Dearest Fanny, my felicity is complete! Death alone can part us! But, should I leave home upon a secret expedition; I need say no more.

FANNY. But one word—what is a reasonable time to give a runaway?

LOVEL. We must leave that to our mutual friends—and, if they will now smile upon our union, our career

must be happy and triumphant. But, let us attend at Moregain's—there we shall find, if I've any art in prophecy, Reckless and Camilla made happy, and Moregain reconciled.

EASY. Then, let us go—for my nephew's happiness is mine; I have no son of my own, and I have adopted him in spite of Mrs. Easy's philanthropy.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

#### SCENE IV.—MOREGAIN DISCOVERED.

MOREGAIN. She comes not back! She heeds me not! She does not hear my cries! Camilla! Camilla! Who will mind me—care for—attend me? I'm old, and—Oh! horrible thought, should I die, 'twill be left for hireling hands to roughly close my eyes—or being deserted; perhaps, my gold may tempt some violent man to take my life—This cursed gold, for which I've sold my child and driven from her home, (*throwing down a bag of gold*) will be my own destruction—Camilla! hear me! forgive me! I cannot live without thee! I think, could she hear my cries, she would return—Camilla, come back, or I will kill myself!! (*throttles himself and falls down senseless*)

*Enter Reckless and Camilla.*

CAMILLA. Oh! my father! Reckless, help me to raise him; if I have done this, I have brought a curse upon myself.

RECKLESS. (*They raise him*) He revives!

CAMILLA. Father, dear father!

MOREGAIN. My gold! my gold! lock it up from thieves—Ah! secure my treasure! I miss something; money, is it money? No, no, 'tis not that—I want my child—Camilla! Camilla!—do I see her? sure, I am not mock'd?—no! there is but one such face—Speak, if thou art Camilla! Oh! speak.

CAMILLA. Can'st thou forgive me?

MOREGAIN. Forgive! It is her voice! (*falls on his*

*knees*) Merciful Father! who hast listen'd to the prayer of a sinful man—I kneel to thee, and give thee thanks—my child is restored to me!

CAMILLA. Father! (*embracing him*) behold my husband!

MOREGAIN. He will not take thee from me—

RECKLESS. Never—

MOREGAIN. Bless thee!

CAMILLA. That word hath a double blessing. Oh! my dear father, I am so happy—he is *thy* son—we are one family. Say, then, thou approv'st—thou forgiv'st?

MOREGAIN. I do indeed my children.

RECKLESS. This delightful moment realizes the hopes of my whole life. My uncle has enabled me to redeem my land.

MOREGAIN. The redemption price is already paid. Thou art my son! (*they embrace*)

CAMILLA. Husband!—Father!—my happiness is complete.

*Enter Lovel, Easy, Longpurse, Mrs. L. and Fanny.*

LOVEL. Smiling faces!—Then, all is as it should be.

RECKLESS. My uncle come to wish us joy?

EASY. Aye! boy, to kiss my niece's hand, and see my new relations.

LOVEL. Alas!—here our relations have an end,  
And it were best, now, to secure a friend.

RECK. "The mimic scene" is o'er, all disappears!  
The lover's smiles and the fond father's tears.

CAMIL. Yet, if those tears have touch'd a father's  
heart,

You'll say the actor well has play'd his part.

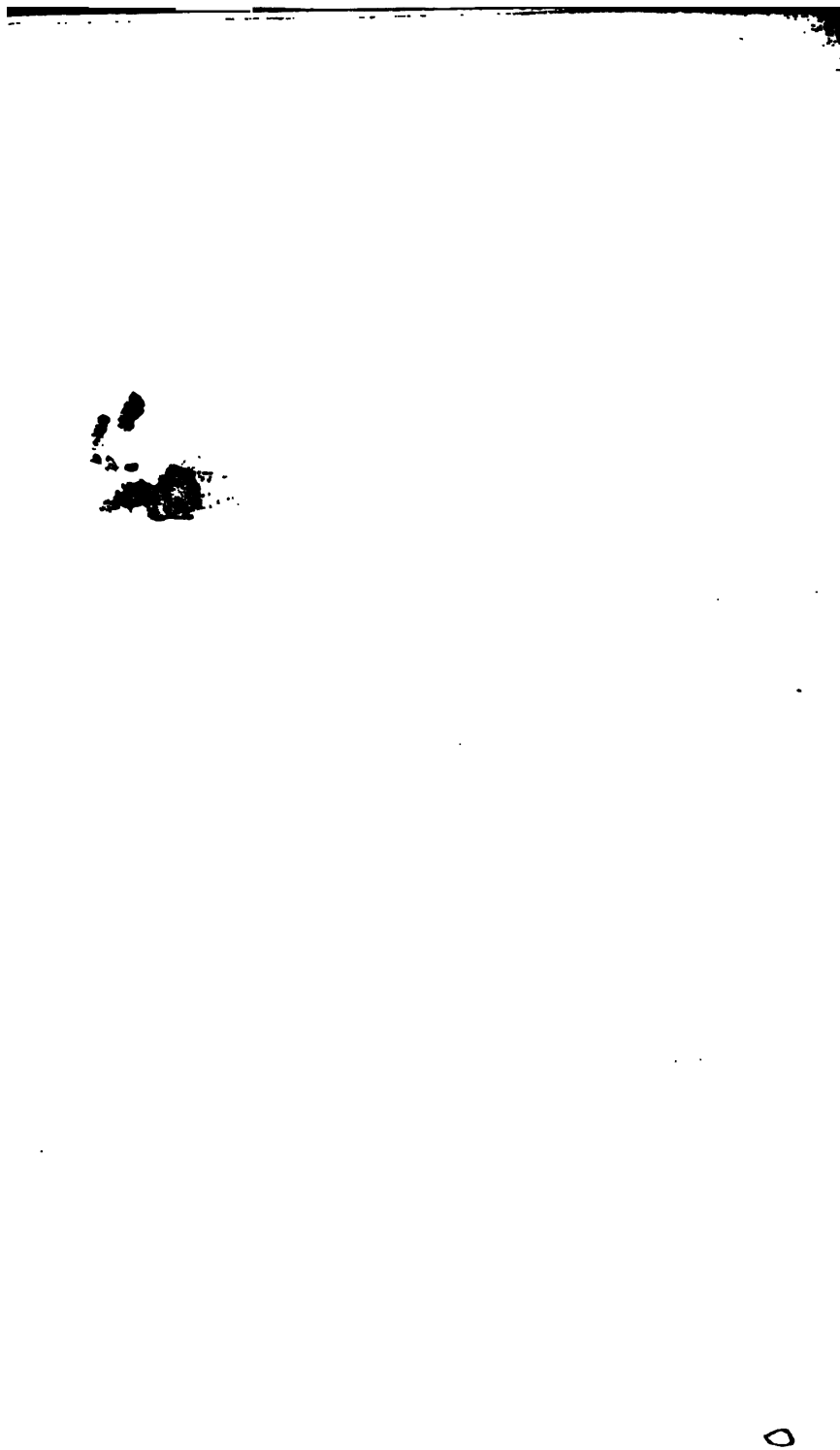
FANNY. Shall smiles, then, count for nothing? Sure,  
my dear,

A smile, any day, is better than a tear?

MORE. To dull reality we come at last,  
And on your clemency ourselves we cast;  
Yet, ere we drop the curtain for the night  
We would bespeak it, also, for the wight  
Who wrote our Play:—Oh! say, ye critics  
sage

May he, in future, travel by this stage?

THE END.









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